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Mary H. Sawyer, Jr.

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A

COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Social and Private Worship.

*not the Collection of
same name by H. D. Lowell
1841*

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE

OF

THE WEST PARISH IN BOSTON.

By Charles Lowell, D.D.

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TO THE

FIRST LINES OF THE PSALMS AND HYMNS.

*In giving the names of the authors, it should be stated that many of the psalms and hymns have undergone alterations in the hands of different compilers; and that, in some of them, but few of the original features remain. In this collection, many alterations have been adopted, and other alterations made. Those which were written or translated for this work, or which are now first introduced into such a collection, are marked thus *. Those which are supposed to have been original in the former collection used in the West Church, or to have then been first introduced into such a work, are marked thus †.*

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Psalms.

PSALM I. *First Part.* C. M.

The way of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 THAT man, in life wherever placed,
Has happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way
Nor learns their guilty lore.
- 2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
- 3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlet grow,
Whose fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.
- 4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

- 5 For God, that God the good adore,
Will give them peace and joy ;
But all the hopes of wicked men,
Will utterly destroy.
-

PSALM I. *Second Part.* C. M.

The condition of the righteous alone secure.

- 1 Blest, who the fellowship of sin
Has early learnt to fly ;
Who hates the bold blaspheming tongue,
The scorner's vanity.
- 2 The word to man divinely given
Employs his constant care,
The busy day, the wakeful night,
His heavenly study share.
- 3 As the fair palm in fertile fields,
Where gentle springs abound,
In youthful vigor freshly blooms,
And towers above the ground ;
- 4 Long years increase its hardy strength,
And rear its honors high,
Firm fixed below, it braves the storm,
Its fruits are in the sky.
- 5 Thus firm in faith the virtuous man
Shall rise divinely blest ;

'The storms of life unshaken bare
And find immortal rest.

- 6 But sinners' hopes, unsound as chaff,
Light as the misty air,
Shall fly before the heavenly wrath,
And end in deep despair.



PSALM V. C. M.

Daily protection.

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee, are founded all my hopes,
In thee, my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blessed,
With peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord ! art with me still.
-

PSALM VIII. C. M.

Divine condescension.

- 1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame !
Through all the world, how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind !
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind !
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 They jointly own his powerful sway,
The beasts that prey or graze ;

The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

- 6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM XV. C. M.

The righteous man.

- 1 Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
And whilst he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there?
- 2 'Tis he, whose truly honest heart
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
- 6 Who seeks not in oppressive ways
His treasure to employ ;
Whom no reward can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by his steady course
Has happiness insur'd, [stand,
When earth's foundations shake, shall
By Providence secur'd.
-

PSALM XVII. C. M.

The transforming vision of God.

- 1 My God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy,
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline ;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
Unsatisfy'd I stray ;
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enlivening ray.

- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
So shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake ;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heavenly bliss partake.
-

PSALM XVIII. *L. M.**Confidence in Divine protection.*

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend.

PSALM XIX. *Six Line L. M.**The works and word of God.*

- 1 Great God, the heaven's well ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
 There thy rich works of wondershine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Wide as the influence of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, in robes of splendour dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Shines forth, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God ;
 All nature joins to show thy praise ;
Thus God in every creature shines,
Bright in the book of nature's lines,
 But brighter in the book of grace.

PSALM XIX. *L. M.**Prayer for Divine guidance.*

- 1 God of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheering sun makes haste to rise,
And robed in splendour, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies !
 - 2 O, like the sun, may we fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With steady mind, and active will,
Press on and keep our heavenly way !
 - 3 Lord ! thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
 - 4 Give us thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss ;
May every wish and hope beside,
Be faint and cold compared with this !
-

PSALM XXIII. *C. M.**God's care of his people.*

- 1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me in cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering feet reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his service spend.

PSALM XXIII. L. M.

God our Shepherd and Guardian.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow ;
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control ;

When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.

3 Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all his horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God! art with me there.

4 Thine ever-watching providence
Is my support and my defence;
With thee I am of all possessed,
And in thy favour, fully blessed.

5 O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.



PSALM XXIII. *P. M.*

Confidence in Divine protection.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall
I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems
when opprest.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian no evil I fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay,
No harm can befall with my comforter
near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head
What then shall I ask of thy providence
more ?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
above ;
I seek by the path which my forefathers
trod
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.



PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

Encouragement to trust and love God.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 3 O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints ! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
O make his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care !
-

PSALM XXXVI. *L. M.**Perfections and providence of God.*

- 1 Thy mercy, Lord, my only hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Above the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just

Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from the fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 Then let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display ;
With thee, the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

PSALM XXXVI. C. M.

The way of the righteous known to God.

1 To thee, O God ! my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions are before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
My vacant hours, my active scenes,
Before thine eye appear.

3 Each well-spent moment of my life
Thy mercy will approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when all earthly scenes are o'er,
Thou, Lord, wilt still be nigh !
-

PSALM XXXIX. C. M.

Vanity of Man.

- 1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time !
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show.
Some dig for golden ore ;

They toil for heirs, they not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 This fruitless search no more be mine,
Such hopes I now recall ;
My earthly prospects I resign,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XLIV. C. M.

Prayer for victory over invaders.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword
To them salvation gave ;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength
That did their country save.

3 By thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implor'd,
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name ador'd.

- 4 As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King ;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.
- 5 To thee the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came ;
In God our shield we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.
-

PSALM LI. *L. M.**Penitence.*

- 1 Show pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live ;
Art not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And though my prayer thou should'st not
hear,
My doom is just and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy
word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain ;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And every power shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.
-

PSALM LXXX. *L. M.*

Prayer for restoration of God's favor.

- 1 Of old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.
- 3 Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root ;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.
- 3 That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid ;

Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

4 Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears ;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

5 The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend ;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

6 Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest ;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.



PSALM LXXXIV. *H. M.*

Public worship.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !

To thine abode	My heart aspires,
With warm desires,	To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ; And happy they
 Who love the way To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears ;

O glorious seat, When God our King
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet !



PSALM LXXXVI. *Six Line L. M.*

The one living and true God.

- 1 Eternal God ! Almighty cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
 All things are subject to thy laws ;
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possessed ;
 Controlled by none in thy commands,
 Thou, in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
 To thee alone we homage pay ;

All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

- 4 Lord spread thy name through heathen
lands,
Their idol deities dethrone,
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

PSALM LXXXIX. *L. M.*

Divine sovereignty.

- 1 What seraph of celestial birth,
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the sons of earth,
Can with the mighty God compare?
- 2 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength and power like thine re-
nown'd?
Of such a numerous faithful host
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 3 Thou dost the raging sea control,
And change the surface of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep!
- 4 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee Lord alone,

The world, and and all that it contains,
Their maker and preserver own.

- 5 Happy, thrice happy, they, who hear
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
And who among thy saints appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 6 With reverence and religious dread,
Thy saints will to thy temple press ;
Thy fear through all their hearts shall
spread,
Who thy most glorious name confess.
-

PSALM XC. *First Part.* C. M.

Eternity of God and frailty of man.

- 1 O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !
- 2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand ;
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;
- 3 That power which raised, and still up-
holds
This universal frame,

From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight,
Than yesterday that's past.
- 5 But man is like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
And long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed !
-

PSALM XC. *Second Part.* C. M.

Same subject.

- 1 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 Time like an overflowing stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.



PSALM XC. L. M.

Divine protection through every age.

1 Thou, Lord ! through every changing
scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are bless'd ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee our souls abide, and trust.

- 3 Lo ! we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our hopeless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise !
-

PSALM XCII. *L. M.**Religious worship.*

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God ! my King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
When earthly cares forsake the breast,
When our best powers to God we raise,
And the whole heart's attuned to praise.
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word ;

His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

- 4 Lord may we walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear
And join in nobler worship there!
 - 5 Then shall we see, and, hear, and know,
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.
-

PSALM XCV. *First Part.* L. M.

Divine sovereignty.

- 1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there,
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King, superior far to all
Whom gods, the heathen falsely call.

- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that threat the skies.
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.
-

PSALM C. *L. M.**Invocation to worship.*

- 1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise ;
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;

And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.
-

PSALM CIII. *First Part. L. M.*

The mercy of God, ready to forgive.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

- 5 As high as heaven its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.
- 6 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd ;
 Who, with a father's tender breast,
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 7 For God, who all our frame surveys,
 Considers that we are but clay ;
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
 Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.
- 8 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,
 Nor can we find their former place ;
 God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
 To those that fear him, and their race.
- 9 Let every creature jointly bless,
 The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIII. *Second Part.* L. M.

The frailty of life.

- 1 Of mortal life how short the date !
 Like flow'rs which in their highest state

4*

brightest

With gaudy hues the fields adorn,
But soon by passing storms are torn.

2 Their boasted beauty reft away,
How quick the vernal blooms decay !
Each in an hour its pride resigns,
And with'ring in the dust reclines.

3 Behold it droop, behold it waste !
Nor can the bed, which late it grac'd,
Point to the fond inquirer's view,
Where once the short lived wonder grew.

4 So transient is the life of man,
At most a brief, contracted span ;
It blooms, it fades, and seems to show,
How vain, how frail, are things below.

5 To things above with fix'd desire,
Then let our better hopes aspire ;
To realms, where, in eternal day,
No mortals die, nor flowers decay.

PSALM CIII. C. M.

God's regard for his frail creatures.

1 Lord we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God !
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.
-

PSALM CIV. L. M.

Divine majesty and goodness in storms and rain.

- 1 Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise !
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;

See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings!

- 3 Around him ranged in awful state,
Dark silent storms attentive wait ;
And thunders, ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sov'reign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies,
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;
Then, from his magazines on high,
Commands the imprisoned winds to fly.
- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrowed lands ;
While down the mountain's channeled
side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride ;
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destined course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And while thy terrors round us stand,
We see a father's bounteous hand.

PSALM CVI. *L. M.**Thanksgiving.*

- 1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.
 - 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !
 - 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right ; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
 - 4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
-

PSALM CXII. *L. M.**Happiness of the good man.*

- 1 That man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His name on earth shall be renown'd,
And with increasing honour crown'd.

- 2 His hospitable house shall be
To friends and strangers always free ;
His virtue safe from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
Compassion dwells within his mind,
His justice flows to all mankind.
- 4 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
And what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Though dangers threaten him around,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground.
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 6 His hands, whilst they his alms bestow'd ;
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;
Whence he shall reap a sure reward,
And dwell for ever with the Lord.

PSALM CXVI. L. M.

God the author of our comforts and our hopes.

Great Source of life ! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;

Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 Before the arch of heaven was spread ;
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.

3 Thy quick'ning hand restores our breath
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 Our lives are sacred to the Lord ;
Kindled by him, by him restored ;
And while our days renew their race,
May sin no more our lives disgrace.

5 So, when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant shall they move
To scenes of nobler life above.



PSALM CXIX. C. M.

Intercession for the thoughtless and inconsiderate.

1 Indulgent God ! with pitying eye
The sons of men survey ;
Alas ! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way !

- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
 To bear them to the tomb ;
Each passing hour may place them
 where
Repentance cannot come.
- 3 Reclaim, O Lord ! their wandering minds,
 Amused by airy dreams ;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
 Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
 Their dangerous state to see ;
That they may seek and find the path
 That leads to heaven and thee,
-

PSALM CXIX. *Six Line L. M.*

Instruction and delight from the scriptures.

- 1 How precious, Lord ! thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford
 To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray ;
 Thy promise leads the heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering
 eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;

While gospel truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

- 3 From the discov'ries of thy law
What perfect rules of life we draw !
Be these our study and delight ;
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 O may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain !
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.



PSALM CXIX. L. M.

Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 Low at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlasting friend,
Permit the claim ; O let thine ear
My humble suit indulgent hear !
- 2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,
And ask of thee thy promis'd grace ;
O may thy favour, bliss divine !
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.

- 3 But, O my heart, reflect with shame ;
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often I have stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd !
- 4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !
Till heavenly pity saw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.
- 5 And when the snares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways ?
- 6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileness and thy love I own ;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.
- 7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedless heart requires the rod,
Thy arm supporting I implore ;
The hand that chastens can restore.
- 8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love ;
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine !

PSALM CXX. *H. M.**God, our Preserver.*

- 1 Upward we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid :
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature laid.

God is the tower To which we fly ;
His grace is nigh In every hour.

- 2 Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares ;
Since God, our guard and guide,
Will dissipate our fears.

Those wakeful eyes That never sleep,
Thy servants keep, When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there.

Thou art our sun And thou our shade,
To guard our head, By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death ?
And we can trust the Lord,
To keep our mortal breath.

We'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call us home.

PSALM CXXXVI. *H. M.**God's power and goodness.*

- 1 To God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :

For God does prove Our constant friend,
His boundless love Shall never end.

- 2 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought ;
For God, &c.

- 3 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand :
For God, &c.

- 4 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought :
For God, &c.

- 5 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live ;

To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give :

For God will prove Our constant friend,
His boundless love Shall never end.

Praise.
PSALM CXXXVI. 7s

Praise.

- 1 Lift your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to our heavenly King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wond'rous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him all of human birth.
- 3 Him, whose wisdom throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll.
- 4 Him, who o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great eternal King
Raise your voice, and joyful sing ;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

5*

PSALM CXXXVII. *L. M.**Judah in bondage, or remembrance of captivity.*

- 1 When we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest;
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees, that wither'd there.
- 3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands;
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 5 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part. L. M.**God's omnipresence and omniscience.*

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast
known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would
vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 O, could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee.
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in
light ;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the eastern main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st
thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 O! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my rising passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.
- 10 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and
heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.
-

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part. L. M.*

Gratitude to God for innumerable mercies.

- 1 In glad amazement, Lord! I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand;

How numberless these bounties are,
How rich, how various, and how fair !

2 But O what poor return I make !
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
Lord ! I confess with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise,
To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
It sinks beneath the mighty load :
What shall I render to my God !

4 In deep abasement, Lord ! I see
My emptiness and poverty :
Give me a likeness more divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

5 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
'That heaven may echo with my song ;
The theme, too great for time, shall be
My joy throughout eternity.



PSALM CXLV. *L. M.*

Greatness of God.

1 My God ! my King ! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
And after death exalt my song !

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun still see
New works of duty done for thee !
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honor of thy name.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.
-

PSALM CXLVII. 10s.

Care and compassion of God.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ! O let the grateful
song
From morn to evening's shade the theme
prolong ;
Praise ye the Lord ! and let the blest
employ
Inspire in every breast a sacred joy.
- 2 He heals each broken heart, binds every
wound,
O let his praise from earth to heaven re-
sound ;

He names the stars, whose num'rous orbs
on high
Spangle with beams of light the sombre
sky.

3 His showers refreshing fertilize the plain,
And make, on mountain tops, fresh verdure reign ;
Sing to the Lord a grateful hymn of praise,
Let each glad heart its song of rapture
raise.

4 He hears the ravens cry, he gives them
food,
And feeds with care the tenants of the
wood,
Unmark'd by him no humble lilies fade,
Nor will the falling sparrow want his aid.

5 Praise ye the Lord ! and let the grateful
song
From morn to eve the sacred theme prolong ;
Let the blest theme employ our fleeting
days,
Till in his courts immortal strains we
raise !

PSALM CXLVIII. *H. M.**Universal praise.*

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim, To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay ;
His praise declare, Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came :
And all shall last, From changes free ;
His firm decree Stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay ;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales ;
Fire, hail, and snow, And misty air,
And winds that, where He bids them, blow.

5 By hills and mountains, all
 In grateful concert join'd,
 By cedars stately tall,
 And trees for fruit design'd;
 By ev'ry beast, And creeping thing,
 And fowl of wing, His name be blest.

6 United zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise;
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise;
 Earth's utmost ends His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway The sky transcends.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Six Line C. M.*

The same subject.

1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay;
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' almighty name;
 Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and
 skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
 While all th' adoring throngs around
 His wond'rous mercy sing;
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the loudest string.

- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings ;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing !
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

PSALM CXLVIII. 7s.

The same subject.

- 1 Heralds of creation cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded,—Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
- 5 Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
Rivers, roll with praise along ;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.
- 6 Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

- 7 Kings, your Sov'reign serve with awe ;
Judges, own his righteous law ;
Princes, worship him with fear :
Bow the knee, all people here.
- 8 Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.
- 9 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess ;
Him let every being bless !
-

PSALM CXLIX. *P. M.**Thanksgiving.*

- 1 O praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,

Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded
And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes,
Now publish his praise ;
We mortals, delighted,
Would borrow your tongue ;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.



PSALM CL. *L. M.*

Public praise.

1 Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works, how bright they
shine ;

Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

- 3 To praise awake the tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing,
Harmonious, let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 4 Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly ye who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord !



PSALM CL. 7s.

Same subject.

- 1 Praise, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine,
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts and power supreme
To your songs suggest a theme ;
Let the organ in his praise,
Learn its loudest notes to raise.
- 3 All who vital health enjoy,
In his praise that health employ,
And in one great chorus join,
Praise, O praise the name divine.

Hymns.

INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

HYMN I. P. M.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 O praise ye the Lord ! prepare a new
song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music
divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us,
ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its
king ;
The God whom we worship our songs
will attend,
And view with complacence, the off'ring
we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his
might,
And let your glad songs awake with each
morn ;

For those who obey him are still his de-
light,
His hand with salvation the meek will
adorn.

- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad
song ;
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music
divine.
-

HYMN II. C. M.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,

- Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.
- 6 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain,
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 7 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 8 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below ;
Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 9 To thee, my Saviour, and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.
-

HYMN III. *H. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Awake, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band !

The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn, Thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise!

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.

Th' angelic host Around him bends,
And, midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
Whilst earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.

Worthy art thou, Who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years To live and reign.

HYMN IV. *L. M.*

The Christian Sabbath.

1 Another six days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
 - 4 With joy, great God ! thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future mercies taste.
 - 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet this Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.
-

HYMN V. *L. M.**The eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this, thy day, in this, thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin ;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine !
-

HYMN VI. C. M.

The Sabbath of the soul.

- 1 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, cleans'd from sin, may we behold
A God of purity !

HYMN VII. 8s M.

Constant and Universal praise.

- 1 O sing to the Lord a new song !
Let the universe join in the strain ;
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends ;
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings he sends !
- 2 In the beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love !
How solemn his temples below !
How glorious his presence above !
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God, the omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unalter'd remains !
- 3 O let the wide heavens rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad !
The ocean shall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad ;
Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh ;
Before him all nations shall stand ;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

HYMN VIII. *L. M.**The blessings of divine worship.*

- 1 God in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.
- 2 His mercy every house attends,
Whence pure devotion's flame ascends ;
And ever lends a gracious ear,
Where churches join in praise and pray'r.
- 3 To men of pure and pious hearts,
All real good their God imparts ;
With grace he crowns them here below,
And endless glory will bestow.
- 4 His blessing yields a large increase
Of wisdom, and of sacred peace ;
While rip'ning holiness and love,
Prepare their souls for joys above.
- 5 Father supreme ! whose sov'reign sway,
All worlds, all beings must obey ;
May our first wish and object be
On earth, in heaven to dwell with thee.

HYMN IX. 8, 8, 6s.

Attendance on religious institutions.

- 1 I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light ;
And at the close of every day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.
 - 2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
The day that saw my Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.
 - 3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
I'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my departing Lord ;
And while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I'll pursue,
And meditate his word.
-

HYMN X. 8 & 7s.

The God of mercy adored.

- 1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of every joy ;

He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy !
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here no awful thunder rolls ;
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the cov'nant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within !
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

HYMN XI. 8 & 7s.

Surrounding the mercy-seat.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,

Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refin'd;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws.
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

HYMN XII. S. M.

Invitation to the house of God.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;

The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In grateful homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

6 Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

Homage and devotion.

- 1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty king :
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord ! to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

The presence of God in his house.

- 1 Lo ! God is here ; let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;

- Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ; him day and night
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.
-

HYMN XV. 7s M.

Humble adoration.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name ador'd ;
Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

- 4 Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
-

HYMN XVI. *L. M.*

The sacrifice of the heart.

- 1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his Sov'reign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, simple man !—creation's Lord
Thy golden off'rings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
-

HYMN XVII. *C. M.*

Engagedness in worship.

- 1 O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud tomorrow's way.
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine !
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.
- 3 Our Father, God below, above !
Man's noblest work is praise.
O fill our hearts with sacred love,
Whilst we our voices raise.
-

HYMN XVIII. C. M.

The acceptable offering.

- 1 Thine influence, mighty God, is felt,
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, thro' air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need
To form our hearts anew ;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation shew !
- 3 Father of light ! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

- 5 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath,
-

HYMN XIX. 7s M.

Devotion.

- 1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wand'ring tho'ts and languid pow'rs,
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.
- 4 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temples of the Lord !
Teach them wisdom's heav'nly way ;
To their feet thy light afford.
- 5 Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love and joy ;
Angels ! the glad notes prolong ;
Seraphs ! 'tis your blest employ,

HYMN XX. C. M.

Sincere worship alone acceptable.

- 1 O God! thou spirit, just and wise,
Who sees't our inmost mind
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before thy throne
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eye salutes the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my
ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN XXI. C. M.

Obedience better than sacrifice.

- 1 Wherewith shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
What shall sweet peace of mind afford?
What for my faults atone?

- 2 Shall altars flame and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend ?
- 3 Alas ! 'twere idle mock'ry all,
Such victims bleed in vain ;
No fatlings from the field or stall
Such favour can obtain.
- 4 Well dost thou know what must delight,
And what acceptance win ;
Repentance true, and heart upright,
And life estrang'd from sin.
- 5 To God with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live ;
To men their sacred rights allow,
And proofs of kindness give.
- 6 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere
God never will despise ;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.
-

HYMN XXII. *L. M.**The vanity of forms without true piety.*

- 1 Th' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord ! to thee ;

In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than fragrant groves, or fertile fields.
- 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.



HYMN XXIII. C. M.

The inefficacy of hymns without devotion.

- 1 Great God ! what rich provision's made,
To fit our souls for heav'n !
How various are the means prepar'd !
How great the aid that's giv'n !
- 2 Thy word in ev'ry part displays
The wonders of thy grace :
But in the gospel brightest shines
Thy care for all our race.

- 3 Counsels, reproofs, and psalms, and
hymns,
With solemn, sacred songs,
To thy unbounded love we owe :
To thee—the praise belongs.
- 4 But what are tuneful, sacred songs,
Or what our measur'd lays ?
Unless thy Spirit warm our hearts,
How vain our hymns of praise !
- 5 Then, gracious God ! we humbly ask
Assistance from above ;
Our passions shall, by music sooth'd,
Be all attun'd to love !
-

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Want of religious zeal lamented.

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid powers retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !

How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

- 4 Great God ! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 5 O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.
-

HYMN XXV. L. M.

Prayer for divine influence in worshipping God.

- 1 Almighty God ! before whose throne
The secrets of all hearts are known,
Thou who approv'st the voice sincere,
And hear'st and answer'st all our prayer.
- 2 Thou who the homage wilt despise
Of lying lips and wand'ring eyes ;
And spurn the sacrifice that brings
To heavenly aims, terrestrial things ;
- 3 O grant us in this awful hour,
To feel thy love, to own thy power ;
And, from the world's allurements free,
Raise each exalted thought to thee.

HYMN XXVI. *L. M.**The divine blessing implored.*

- 1 Eternal Source of life and thought !
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
 - 2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love !
-

HYMN XXVII. *L. M.**Seeking for divine assistance.*

- 1 My God ! whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue with feeble aim
Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire ;
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet !

- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
 - 5 Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony and praise and love ;
That grace which tunes th' immortal
strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
 - 6 O let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue !
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.
-

HYMN XXVIII. *L. M.*

Divine light and guidance implored.

- 1 O Source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were raised from
night ;
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow ;

And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

HYMN XXIX. C. M.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings.

- 1 Eternal Source of life and light !
Supremely good and wise ;
To thee we pay our grateful vows,
To thee, lift up our eyes.
 - 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
 - 3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
And place us, when our journey's o'er,
In heaven,—thy blest abode.
-

HYMN XXX. P. M.

For the close of public worship.

- 1 Lord ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
-

HYMN XXXI. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 What pleasure, Lord ! thy house attends
When the whole heart to heaven ascends ;
One day thus spent with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 While we can have the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
We would not absent from thee live,
For all a tempting world can give.
- 3 Happy the saints around thy throne,
Who know thee as themselves are known ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Happy the souls that find a place
In earthly temples of thy grace ;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
Inquire thy will, and learn to praise.
- 5 Happy the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate ;

God is their strength ; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.
-

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

A general hymn of praise.

- 1 O God ! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry :—
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord ! confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Hymns.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN XXXIII. C. M.

God may be worshipped in every place.

- 1 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be ador'd.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

HYMN XXXIV. C. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
 To God, whose goodness ceaseless
 flows ;
 Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
 And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
 To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
 Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 From thee deriv'd, eternal King,
 To thee our noblest powers we bring ;
Great Source of intellect, thine ear
 Benign receives our vows sincere.
- 4 In ardent adoration join'd,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combin'd,
 Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 5 O ! may the solemn, breathing sound
 Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no
 bound,
 Great Cause of all things, dwell'st
 alone.

HYMN XXXV. C. P. M.

An invocation to praise the Lord.

- 1 Ye works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestowed ;
Whose hand, the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye, the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye angels, who with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King ;
Again, proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again, your thankful voices raise,
And sacred anthems sing.
- 3 Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move ;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell,
The wonders of his love.
- 4 Ye spirits of the just and good,
Who, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar :
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.
- 5 Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain,

Prepar'd for souls sincere ;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

HYMN XXXVI. *L. M.*

God exalted above our highest praise.

- 1 Eternal power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds ;
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
The awe-struck angel veils his sight,
Nor dares to tempt the wond'rous height.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few ;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN XXXVII. *L. M.**God incomprehensible.*

- 1 Great God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our lab'ring powers with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.
 - 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
 - 3 Yet, Lord ! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
 - 4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.
-

HYMN XXXVIII. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Can creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or, can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 These are a portion of his ways !
But who shall utter all his praise ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?
-

HYMN XXXIX. *L. M.**Faith in the invisible God.*

- 1 Eternal and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God ! on thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing, raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

- 4 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !
-

HYMN XL. *L. M.**The greatness of God.*

- 1 Ye weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye glittering insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 Let Lebanon its cedars bring,
To blaze before the sov'reign King ;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed ;
- 3 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round ;
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 4 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 5 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky and earth and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God ! to thee.

HYMN XLI. C. M.

The majesty of God.

- 1 The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
 - 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
 - 3 He sat serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
-

HYMN XLII. C. M.

The eternity and immensity of God.

- 1 Thy names, how infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present to thy view,
To thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 5 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.
-

HYMN XLIII. *L. M.*

Glory to the eternal and unchangeable God.

- 1 Glory to God ! who dwells on high,
His reign is from eternity ;
At his command the worlds began
To be, and thought awoke in man.
- 2 Ancient and changeless is his throne ;
He speaks, and lo ! his will is done ;
Each element his voice obeys,
And space and time declare his praise.
- 3 He wings the winds ; he quells the storm ;
He guards the insect, feeds the worm ;
The planets in their course he rolls,
And fills their orbs with living souls.

- 4 He loves our race, and freely gave
His Son, the sons of men to save ;
Angels and mortals ! God adore,
And praise him now and evermore.
-

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

The unchangeable God.

- 1 Thou did'st, O mighty God ! exist,
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous, earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd—
Before the ocean's mighty springs ,
Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night,
The streaks of light appear'd,
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles, were rear'd ;
- 4 Ere through the bright celestial courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or ere the joyful sons of light
Harmonious anthems sung ;
- 5 Ere men ador'd or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name :
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of light !)
And glory were the same.

- 6 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;
- 7 Amidst the universal shock,
Thy throne shall stand secure ;
The glories which compose thy name
Through endless years endure.
-

HYMN XLV. *L. M.**Creation.*

- 1 Who gave the sun his noon-day light ?
Who taught the moon to shine by night ?
Whose hands the sheet of heaven un-
roll'd,
All set with stars, like drops of gold ?
- 2 Who gave the winds their course to know ?
The ocean tides to ebb and flow ?
And day and night preserve their bounds,
And changing seasons know their
rounds ?
- 3 Could man conceive the vast design ?
Could he the grand machine combine ?
Stretch his weak hands from pole to pole,
And bid them on their centre roll ?

- 4 Could man with all his skill compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows ?
Or at his will ordain to be
The smallest insect that we see ?
- 5 'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who form'd this wond'rous globe of earth,
And breath'd throughout the mighty
whole
The likeness of a living soul.
- 6 Bow then to God ! O all that live !
To God eternal praises give,
Who fashion'd by his mighty hand
Sun, moon, and stars, and sea and land.
-

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

God the Creator,—all nature tributary.

- 1 Great first of beings ! mighty Lord
Of all this mighty frame !
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd ;
And for thy pleasure all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light ;

For thee in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds to night.

4 For thee the earth its produce yields,
For thee the waters flow ;
And plants and trees adorn the fields,
And all thy goodness show.

5 May we, too, Lord, with zeal pursue
This wise and noble end ;
That all we think and all we do
May to thine honour tend.

HYMN XLVII. *L. M.*

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name ?

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
-

HYMN XLVIII. *L. M.*

To the invisible Author of nature.

- 1 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which this vast creation rolls ;
The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower ;
- 2 In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;
While beasts and birds with lab'ring
throats,
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
- 3 The meanest part in nature's frame,
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove ;
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or low or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

HYMN XLIX. L. M.

The voice of Nature proclaiming God.

- 1 There is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth and air and seas and skies.
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand, which made them
shine
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows;
And there for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams and soft'ning showers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants and herbs and
flowers,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

HYMN L. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of nature.

- 1 O thou, through all thy works ador'd !
Great power supreme ! Almighty Lord !
Author of life, whose sov'reign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey !
- 2 To thee, Most High ! to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song ;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, those wand'ring worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move ;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine.
In honour of their Maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow.
- 5 Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 6 The varying seasons all are thine,
All govern'd by thy hand divine ;
Supporting, through thy constant care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

- 7 To thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, all-powerful King,
One chorus let all creatures raise,
One hymn of universal praise.
-

HYMN LI. P. M.

God the life and light of the world.

- 1 Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine !
-

HYMN LII. L. M.

The voice of God in his Works.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

- Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display !
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."
-

HYMN LIII. C. M.

Creation praising God.

- 1 Eternal wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run!
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.
- 4 The noisy winds stand ready there;
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 6 There, thy dread trumpet loud and strong,
In thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.
- 7 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of thy command,
Appear in all their dreadful forms,
And speak thy awful hand.
- 8 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise.
And shore reply to shore.

- 9 But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these,
The breezes breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 10 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him who bade you grow,
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 11 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 12 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king,
Through all the nations round.
-

HYMN LIV. *Six Line C. M.*

All Nature proclaiming the glory of God.

- 1 We sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend ;
From whose right arm, beneath whose
eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise,
Commence, and reign, and end.

- 2 The world, the clust'ring spheres he
made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade ;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART !
-

HYMN LV. L. M.

Praise from the works of God.

- 1 Great Cause of all things ! Source of life !
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;

While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks and
hills,

And every flower, and every tree ;
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven ;
And blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.



HYMN LVI. C. M.

God's power seen in the elements.

1 The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves ; and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies !
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations ! bend, in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs ! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God !
-

HYMN LVII. *Six Line C. M.*

The power and goodness of God.

- 1 O come and sing your Maker's name !
With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim,
For ye are all his own !
All, from the angel to the worm ;
The vernal breeze, the raging storm,
Confess him Lord alone.
- 2 He gives the world yon orb of light,
He bids the moon shine mildly bright,
He wields the balanc'd earth ;
He makes the seasons duly yield,
His dews refresh the grassy field,
And give its treasures birth.

- 3 'Tis God, who swells the tender seeds,
 And man with strength'ning bread provides,
 And heart-rejoicing wine ;
 He holds the lightning in his hand,
 The host of heaven, the sea, the land,
 Confess his power divine.
- 4 His rainbow still proclaims on high,
 That mercy, to repentance nigh,
 Which never shall abate ;
 The morning on the midnight calls,
 The day exclaims, 'till evening falls,
 That God is good and great.—
- 5 Great, when the thunder rolls along ;
 Great, in the streams of ocean strong,
 The light, the fountains sweet.
 Great God ! if thus thy praises be,
 Make this devoted heart for thee
 A sanctuary meet.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

Grateful praise.

- 1 To your creator God,
 Your great Preserver, raise,
 Ye creatures of his hand,
 Your highest notes of praise.

Let ev'ry voice
 His name adore,

Proclaim his power,
 And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;

From morn to night, With ev'ry beam,
Record his name, Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;

With countless rays Declare his name,
Prolong the theme, Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.

Let nature raise From ev'ry tongue
A general song Of grateful praise.

5 But O! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And ev'ry thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.

Your voices raise, Ye highly blest ;
Above the rest, Declare his praise.

HYMN LIX. *L. M.**The glory of God.*

- 1 Ye sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise ;
But O ! what tongue can speak his fame !
What mortal verse can reach the theme !
- 2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.
- 3 To God all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 4 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 5 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing ;
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song !

HYMN LX. *P. M.**God seen in all.*

- 1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ;

When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew th' opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints array'd,
Th' evening slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enlivening bloom;
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
In every form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
But oft, as on their charms we gaze;
Attune the wand'ring soul to praise ;

And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise !

HYMN LXI. C. M.

Man to join the inanimate creation in praising God.

- 1 Lord of the world's majestic frame !
Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light ;
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll ;
- 4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise ;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.

- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days ;
And in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be thy praise.
-

HYMN LXII. *P. M.*

Praise to God for his greatness and mercy.

- 1 Glory be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven ;
Glory be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favour'd mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong !
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound !
Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
There be solemn praise address'd.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

- 5 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.
Glory be, &c.
-

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

The God of nature invoked.

- 1 Hail, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise ;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine :
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;

Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see ;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God ! to thee.
-

HYMN LXIV. *S. M.*

Praise.

- 1 Almighty Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

7 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

8 The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

9 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.



HYMN LXV. P. M.

Thanksgiving and praise.

1 My soul, praise the Lord !
Speak good of his name ;
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim ;

To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise !

2 Though hid from man's sight
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their Author is known ;
The world shines a mirror
Its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image
Reflected below.

3 Those agents of power,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the Most High
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form ;
Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

- 5 And man, his last work,
 With reason endu'd,
 Who, falling through sin,
 By grace is renew'd ;
 To God, his Creator,
 Let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise !
-

HYMN LXVI. 10 & 11s M.

The unrivalled power and dominion of God.

- 1 Jehovah reigns ! let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
 Jehovah reigns ! unbounded and alone,
 And all creation hangs upon his throne ;
 He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
 Attempt to share the throne of the Creator.
- 2 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must
 pass away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things
 The fate of empires, and the pride of
 kings ;
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 3 But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy
 throne ;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone ;

Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same ;
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

5 But O ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise ;
Cease, cease your songs : the daring flight control ;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul ;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep, within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN LXVII. C. M.

God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 Keep silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod !
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God !
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,

Whate'er through endless years shall rise,
Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bids ancient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And lo ! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

5 His wisdom with resistless sway
Guides the vast moving frame ;
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.



HYMN LXVIII. *C. M.*

God's sovereign dominion.

1 Almighty God ! thy pow'rful word
From nothing all things brought ;
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,
With matchless skill were wrought.

2 By thee preserv'd, the whole remains
A proof of power divine ;
And all which this great whole contains,
By sov'reign right is thine.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, thy views fulfil ;
Through thee each planet rolls ;
Earth, seas, and skies, obey thy will ;
Thy power the world controls.

- 4 Thou over all art Lord supreme ;
All else from thee derive ;
No being can dispute thy claim,
Nor independent live.
- 5 To thee, and thee alone, we bow,
To thee alone would live ;
All that we have to thee we owe,
Ourselves to thee we give.
- 6 Accept what now, with faith and love,
We to thy will resign ;
And let thy grace preserve, improve,
And perfect, what is thine.
-

HYMN LXIX. C. M.

Wisdom, power, and goodness of God displayed in creation and providence.

- 1 We sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day !
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food,

He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes,
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By orders from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.



HYMN LXX. C. M.

Omnipresence and providence of God.

1 Great God, how vast is thine abode !
Mysterious are thy ways !
Unseen, thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yes, the whole peopl'd world bespeaks
Thy being and thy pow'r,
'Midst the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.

- 3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns.
- 4 The howling wind, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar,
These in tremendous concert join'd
Proclaim thy boundless power.
- 5 Through all creation's widest range
The hand of heaven is near ;
Where'er I wander in the world,
Lo ! God is present there.
-

HYMN LXXI. C. M.

Omnipresence, wisdom, and goodness of God.

- 1 My heart and all my ways, O God,
By thee are search'd and seen ;
My outward acts thine eye observes,
My secret thoughts within.
- 2 Attendant on my steps all day,
Thy providence I see,
And in the solitude of night
I'm present still with thee.
- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space
Whence thou art absent know ;
In heaven thou reign'st a glorious King,
An awful Judge below.

- 4 Goodness, and majesty, and power,
Through all thy works are shown ;
Richly display'd in nature's frame,
And richly in my own.
- 5 To all my parts their place and use
Thy wisdom had assign'd,
Ere yet these parts a being had,
But in thy forming mind.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand times my life
I've to thy goodness ow'd ;
Thy daily care preserves the gift,
Thy bounty first bestow'd.
- 7 Lord, if within my thoughtless heart
Thou aught shouldst disapprove ;
The secret evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.
- 8 If e'er my ways have been perverse,
Or foolish in thy view,
Recall my steps to thy commands,
And form my life anew.
-

HYMN LXXII. C. M.

Providence.

- 1 Lord ! when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear ;
And O let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

- 8 On us, that providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.
-

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

Divine goodness.

- 1 Lord, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty author kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide, extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts ;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.
-

HYMN LXXIV. *Six Line C. M.*

Universal providence of God.

- 1 The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains,
That fill this chequer'd scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys,
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls ;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human mis'ry calls.
- 3 Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love, with soul sincere,
Thine awful, glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days ;—
Thou ever art the same.

HYMN LXXV. C. M.

Divine Providence, and the folly of self-dependence.

- 1 God reigns ! events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide ;
But in a diff'rent channel go,
To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift, not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest ;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord ! unblest'd.
- 4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain ;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform ;
The sun shines bright at thy command ;
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power ;
Entrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

God's foreknowledge and providence.

- 1 Let the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord !
Whate'er his powerful hand has formed,
He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks, with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.
- 5 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below.
- 6 Be this alone our fervent prayer ;
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys or sorrows,—may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee !

HYMN LXXVII. *L. M.**Man's dependence upon God.*

- 1 Greatest of beings ! Source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea,
All nature owns thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies ;
And when, oppress'd with guilt, he
 mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose infant minds, unform'd,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven ;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven ;
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better world to come ;—
- 5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And through each changing scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart !
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its varying course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest ;

- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord ! obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.
-

HYMN LXXVIII. *Six Line L. M.*

God the author and preserver of life.

- 1 Almighty God ! in prayer to thee
We bow the head and bend the knee,
With humble soul and heart resign'd,
To thee with trembling lips we raise
The holy sacrifice of praise,
Thou friend and father of mankind.
- 2 By thee inspir'd, this mortal frame
To being from oblivion came,
Thy love and goodness to survey ;
To view the glitt'ring vault of night,
To hail the sweet return of light,
And all creation's blooming day.
- 3 In life's young morn thou did'st impart
The rivers to my beating heart,
And taught the streaming pulse to flow ;
Amid sensations' changeful tide,
Thou bid'st the trembling soul abide,
Alive to rapture or to woe.
- 4 And still unquench'd, at thy behest
The flame of being warms my breast,

But fleeting life must soon be o'er ;
Soon will thy hands again require
This transient spark of heavenly fire,
And this frail heart shall heave no more.

- 5 But thou, O Spirit, prompt to save,
Wilt still regard the shrouded grave,
In thy protecting care we trust ;
Death shall resign his iron sway,
And love, that beams eternal day,
Shall warm our ashes in the dust.



HYMN LXXIX. *L. M.*

God the father and friend of all.

- 1 The earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power
And sends the soft, refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth and sea and air
Enjoy thy universal care.

- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all !
-

HYMN LXXX. 8s M.

Glory to God, the giver and guard of life.

- 1 Lauded be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !
- 2 God of ev'ning's yellow ray !
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night !
God of life, that fade shall never !
Glory to thy name for ever !
-

HYMN LXXXI. C. M.

Praise of divine goodness.

- 1 My God, the sov'reign of my will,
To thee my heart would soar ;

The cup, which thy kind bounties fill,
At thy command runs o'er.

2 Honour be given to thee alone ;
Thy providence is true ;
And streams of plenty from thy throne
Each morning flow anew.

3 Be on my left, and on my right,
To guard my erring soul
From pleasure's wiles, from sorrow's might,
And passion's fierce control.

4 Give me but grace to sing thy praise,
My lips shall wake the lay ;
With friendly care prolong my days,
And grateful vows I'll pay.

5 My spirit swells with hopes divine,
And longs for perfect rest ;
Lo! I am thine, and thou art mine ;
In thee my soul is blest.



HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

The unceasing goodness of our heavenly Father.

1 Jehovah God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !
-

HYMN LXXXIII. *Six Line C. M.**The love of God.*

- 1 My God ! thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me bless'd,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good !

HYMN LXXXIV. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn by sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O ! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN LXXXV. *P. M.**Thanksgiving for mercies.*

- 1 Sov'reign Lord of light and glory!
Author of our mortal frame!
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name.
Hallelujah!
Ever sacred be the theme!
- 2 Kind dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race!
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace.
Hallelujah!
Praise to God, immortal praise!
- 3 Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne;
And with grateful exultation,
Thine abundant mercy own;
Hallelujah!
Praise belongs to thee alone!
- 4 In thy every dispensation,
Love and mercy we descry;
Thou, the God of our salvation!
To preserve us still art nigh;
Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!

HYMN LXXXVI. *Six Line C. M.*

The goodness of God acknowledged and adored.

- 1 Parent of good! thy works of might
We trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine,
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But is entirely thine.
- 2 Immensely high thy glories rise,
They strike our souls with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where every noble wish is drown'd,
And every want is fill'd.
- 3 To thee our warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet we bend;
To thee our ardent wishes rise,
To thee, enthron'd above the skies,
Our fervent prayers ascend.
- 4 What shall we do to spread thy praise,
O God! through our remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee we consecrate our breath,
Let us be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

HYMN LXXXVII. *L. M.**The bounties of providence acknowledged.*

- 1 Father of light ! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
 - 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.
 - 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread ;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Despise thy law, reject thy grace.
 - 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
 - 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God ! ador'd in all.
-

HYMN LXXXVIII. *C. M.**Complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 Great God ! to thee my all I owe,
And shall my tongue be still ?

Shall streams of mercy often flow
Unting'd with any ill?

2 Shall every day new favours bring,
And every night proclaim
My God, their bounteous source and spring?
And yet unprais'd his name!

3 Shall every moment prove his grace,
And shew his tender care?
And is my heart not found the place,
Where warm affections are?

4 Shall changing seasons, day and hour,
Each minute as it flies,
Evince thy ever bounteous power,
And see new blessings rise?

5 And does my soul no rapture find,
No ardent thanks express,
No praises warm my callous mind?
As humbly I confess!

6 Then, O my God, one favour still,
Add to thy boundless store,
My soul with grateful raptures fill,
I'll praise thee, and adore!



HYMN LXXXIX. C. M.

Praise for protection at home and abroad.

1 Let songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God! ascend,

- Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile doom'd to stray
O'er many a desert wide ;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With God, his guard and guide ;—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending lower,
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty power ;—
- 5 The wretch, who press'd by countless woes
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord ! on thee ;—
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove ;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless power and love.
-

HYMN XC. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Thy presence, ever-living God !
Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain ;
When sep'rate we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.
 - 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
 - 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.
-

HYMN XCI. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Great God ! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand ;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
A loftier strain shall speak our trust
In thee, eternal, wise, and just.
-

HYMN XCII. *C. M.**Secret devotion.*

- 1 Father divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage, paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise, and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

HYMN XCIII. *C. M.**A morning hymn.*

- 1 To thee, let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day;
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 What numbers, with heart-piercing sighs,
Have pass'd this tedious night!
What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
No more to see the light!
- 3 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
- 4 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.
- 5 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.
- 6 If bright or cloudy scenes await;
Some virtue let me gain;
That heaven, nor high, nor low estate,
When sent, may send in vain.

- 7 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That, from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.
-

HYMN XCIV. L. M.

The same subject.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And, with thyself, my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord ! when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

The same subject.

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On us, poor worms, his power might tread,
And we could ne'er withstand ;
His justice might have crush'd us dead,
But mercy held his hand.
- 5 How many thousand souls have fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet he lengthens out our thread,
And yet our moments run.
- 6 Great God ! let all our hours be thine,
Whilst we enjoy the light ;
Then shall our sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

HYMN XCVI. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Awake, my heart, and sing the praise
Of God, the guardian of my days ;
The Lord of worlds, the source of good,
Who gave me life and sends me food.
- 2 When darkness veil'd the earth in shade,
Father, on thee my trust was laid ;
I slept ; and thy paternal arm
Preserved me safe from death and harm.
- 3 A sacrifice to thee belongs ;
For incense, lo ! my prayers and songs ;
Thou know'st, if vows sincerely spring ;
No better gifts have I to bring.
- 4 Forgive my sins ; my actions bless ;
Imbue my thoughts with holiness ;
And be my heart thy dwelling place,
Till I shall see thee face to face.

HYMN XCVII. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head !
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HYMN XCVIII. L. M.

For the evening.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God ! this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord ! through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly choir!
O may his praise my soul inspire!
-

HYMN XCIX. 7s M.

The same subject.

- 1 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day thy love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.
- 2 Thou, my ever-bounteous God!
Crown'st my days with various good.
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 3 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee!

HYMN C. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Another fleeting day is gone ;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
 - 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
 - 3 Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before ;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
 - 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
A day, whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
 - 5 Another fleeting day is gone ;
In solemn silence rest, my soul !
Bow down before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.
-

HYMN CI. *L. M.**The daily goodness of God.*

- 1 My God ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every ev'ning new ;

And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
 - 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
-

HYMN CII. *Six Line C. M.*

Grateful acknowledgment of God's constant goodness.

- 1 Great Source of unexhausted good !
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and
food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wand'ring will,
And warns us lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.
- 5 Thus, gracious Father ! thee we praise ;
And while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.
-

HYMN CIII. *L. M.**Praise for family blessings.*

- 1 Father of all ! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;

Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
 - 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name ;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.
-

HYMN CIV. C. M.

The changing seasons under the direction of Providence.

- 1 With songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
 - 5 He sends his word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
 - 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sov'reign Lord !
-

HYMN CV. L. M.

The goodness of God in the seasons.

- 1 Great God ! at whose all-powerful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise,
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty dress'd ;
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confess'd !

- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering
wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings richly flow ;
We see ; we taste ;—let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.
-

HYMN CVI. *P. M.**Thanksgiving for fruitful seasons.*

- 1 Rejoice ! the Lord is king !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick flakes of snow
Defend the infant grain ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 High from th' etherial plain
Bright suns their influence fling ;
He gives the welcome rain,
That makes the valleys sing ;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

5 He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn ;
O happy mortals, raise your voice, &c.

6 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, ye months, and days !
O bring th' eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

HYMN CVII. *L. M.*

God's goodness manifested in each season.

1 Great God ! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;

- Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand, from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee, successive honours raise.
- 3 To thee we raise the annual song ;
To thee the grateful tribute give ;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And, midst unnumber'd deaths, we live.
- 4 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And ev'ry period, as it rolls,
Show'rs countless blessings on our heads.
- 5 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
-

HYMN CVIII. *L. M.**The year crowned with divine goodness.*

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer beams with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our and a bundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 7 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN CIX. *C.M.**Reflections in winter.*

- 1 Now winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
With verdure lately crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Ere long the sun, with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth ;
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.
- 5 So, if my soul's bright Sun impart
His all-enliv'ning smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen soil.
- 6 Then faith and hope and love shall rise,
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe, accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.

- 7 Great Source of light ! thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.
-

HYMN CX. *L. M.*

Praise for national blessings.

- 1 Great God ! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie ;
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall !
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own ;
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Safe, under thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 O God ! our guardian and our friend,
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend !
Preserv'd by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

HYMN CXI. *L. M.**Praise for national peace.*

- 1 Great Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain ;
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power ;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace ! with her what blessings
fled !)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will ;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfill.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

HYMN CXII. 7s M.

Harmony of praise.

- 1 Thou, who sitt'st enthron'd above !
Thou, in whom we live and move !
Thou, who art most great, most high !
God, from all eternity !
 - 2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis when tongue and heart consent ;
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
 - 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of ev'ning rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sov'reign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
 - 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?
Giver of all good below !
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.
 - 5 Sov'reign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record ;
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.
-

HYMN CXIII. L. M.

Unceasing praise.

- 1 God of my life ! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;

- The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would rend my throbbing
 breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail ;
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
 break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more ;
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
-

HYMN CXIV. *Six Line C. M.*

Eternal praise for divine goodness.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker, whilst I've breath ;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On God alone, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord hath sight to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath ;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.



HYMN CXV. C. M.

The mystery and benignity of Providence.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;

- He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.
-

HYMN XCVI. *L. M.**Our portion in life appointed by God.*

- 1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,

Thy hand, O God ! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all, their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.
- 4 Be this our care,—to all beside
Indiff'rent let our wishes be ;
Passion be calm, subdu'd be pride,
And fix'd our souls, great God ! on thee.



HYMN CXVII. C. M.

Our lot appointed in wisdom and mercy.

- 1 In all thy dealings, gracious God !
I own thy sov'reign power ;
And humbly kiss thy chast'ning rod,
In sorrow's darkest hour.
- 2 For sore affliction's sharpest sting,
In mercy oft is given,
Our thoughtless, erring steps to bring
The safest road to heaven.

- 3 Alike thy providence supplies
Each blessing which we share ;
Though clouds obscure our morning skies,
The ev'ning may be fair.
- 4 Since, then, our lot of good or ill
Is sent with wise design,
I'll bow submissive to thy will,
And grateful make it mine.
- 5 To thee, my God ! resign'd I pray,
Whate'er the path may be,
O guide my feet that peaceful way,
Which leads to heaven and thee !
-

HYMN CXVIII. S. M.

The changes of life from God.

- 1 As various as the Moon *M*
Is man's estate below ;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief ;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given ;
His bright and darker hours advance
By the fix'd laws of heaven.

4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
All is a Father's will.

5 Let each conform his mind
To every changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,
And the great issue wait.

HYMN CXIX. *L. M.*

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust."

- 1 Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye ;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scatter'd o'er her head,
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth,
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his dread commands.
- 3 Oft as in pleasure's paths we stray,
Perplex'd in sin's deceitful way,
With storms she thunders o'er our heads,
And sudden ruin round us spreads.
- 4 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;

And onward as we move, the way -
Becomes more smooth, more bright the
day.

- 5 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal,
' God smites to bless, he wounds to heal!'
-

HYMN CXX. *L. M.*

God's appointments justified.

- 1 Though suff'ring virtue may complain,
And almost dare its God arraign,
Who has not fitted nature's plan
To bless through life the virtuous man.
- 2 Better instructed, we shall find
That God in all is wise and kind ;
Suff'ring refines, exalts the soul ;
Suff'ring is virtue's richest school.
- 3 *Here*, all without distinction prove
Some common blessing of his love ;
The world *hereafter* God reserves
For treating each, as each deserves.
- 4 Then life's vast issues shall be known,
And man shall reap as man has sown.
This hope, the virtuous mind enjoys,
This fear, the sinner's peace destroys.

HYMN CXXI. C. M.

Praise in every scene.

- 1 My soul shall bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
 - 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy !
 - 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And sooth my pains to rest.
 - 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.
 - 5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay ;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.
-

HYMN CXXII. L. M.

Giving thanks in all things.

- 1 God of our lives ! our thanks to thee
Should, like thy gifts, continual be ;

In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.

2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our num'rous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord ! be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And what for evils we mistake,
He can our greatest blessings make.

4 Deep, Lord ! upon the thankful breast
Let all thy favours be impress'd,
That we may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.

5 Dispose us, each revolving day,
For daily gifts, our thanks to pay ;
And tho' withdrawn those gifts should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

HYMN CXXIII. C. M.

Praise to God through all the changes of life.

1 Father of mercies ! God of love !
My Father, and my God !
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

- 2 In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear !
Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.
- 3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 Through every changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Free from all anxious fear ;
For death itself, my God ! is life,
If thou be with me there.
-

HYMN CXXIV. *C. M.**Habitual devotion.*

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee!
-

HYMN CXXV. *L. M.**Fear of God.*

- 1 Great Author of all nature's frame!
Holy and rev'rend is thy name!

- Thou, Lord of life, and Lord of death,
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.
- 2 Nations, in thine all-seeing eye,
Are less than nothing, vanity ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name, and hear thy word !
With such thy dwelling is, on those
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.
- 4 Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends ;
Death shall convey them to thy seat,
Where all thy saints in glory meet.
- 5 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin !
- 6 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart !
But act, with unabating power,
Within me to my latest hour.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

Trust in God founded on the fear of God.

- 1 Bless'd is the man who fears the Lord ;
His well establish'd mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.
- 5 No dangers will his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright ;
For faith assures his humble heart
Whatever is, is right.

HYMN CXXVII. *L. M.**Trust in divine goodness.*

- 1 My God ! I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
 - 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
 - 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breath'd in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
 - 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy
May kneeling faith adore thy will.
-

HYMN CXXVIII. *C. M.**Trust in God in prosperity and adversity.*

- 1 The Lord—how tender is his love !
His justice how august !
Hence, all her fears my soul derives,
There, anchors all her trust.

- 2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan ;
The sick from anguish cease !
In dungeons, spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 4 His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.
- 5 For me, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring,—
Do all my with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ;
- 6 O grant, that still, with grateful heart,
My years resign'd may run !
'Tis thine to give, or to resume,
And may thy will be done !
-

HYMN CXXIX. C. M.

Trust in God, in every vicissitude.

- 1 Father divine ! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie ;

- No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vig'rous youth, and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme !
O still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.
-

HYMN CXXX. C. M.

Filial submission.

- 1 O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears !

- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 5 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 6 My Father ! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.
-

HYMN CXXXI. C. M.

Dependence on God.

- 1 Author of good ! to thee I turn ;
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide,

That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside,

3 And O, by error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill.

4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN CXXXII. S. M.

God's parental character.

1 My Father!—cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O bend my will to thine !

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father !—blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Six Line L. M.*

Reliance on God.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,

To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.



HYMN CXXXIV. *P. M.*

Gratitude for support and consolation.

1 How vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days !

2 Thou alone, the great author of all !
The faithful, unchangeable friend !
Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone from all evils defend.

- 3 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;
And to him who alone can relieve
My soul breath'd her vows and her
prayers.
- 4 When my heart throbb'd with pain and
alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame ;
Then my soul on my Maker was staid.
- 5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of calamity's night ;
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.
- 7 Great Source of my comforts restor'd !
Thou healer and balm of my woes !
Thou hope and desire of my soul !
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days !

HYMN CXXXV. C. M.

Security of the righteous in time of danger.

- 1 Thy dreadful power, Almighty God,
Thy works, to speak, conspire ;
This earth declares thy fame abroad,
With water, air, and fire.
- 2 At thy command, in glaring streaks
The ruddy lightning flies ;
Loud thunder the creation shakes,
And rapid tempests rise.
- 3 Now gath'ring glooms obscure the day,
And shed a solemn night ;
And now the heavenly engines play,
And shoot devouring light.
- 4 Th' attending sea thy will performs,
Waves break around the shore,
And toss, and foam amidst the storms,
And dash, and rage, and roar.
- 5 The earth, and all her trembling hills,
Thy marching footsteps own ;
A shudd'ring fear her bosom fills,
Her hideous caverns groan.
- 6 Great God ! when terrors thickest throng
Through all the mighty space,
And rattling thunders roar along,
And the fierce lightnings blaze ;

- 7 When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies,
Whilst blended ruin, clouds, and fire
In harsh disorder rise ;
- 8 Protected by thy powerful arm,
We rest, from danger free,
Though death should strike, he cannot
harm,
For we are still with thee.
-

HYMN CXXXVI. C.M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 Let coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.
- 2 Protected by that hand whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's dismal glare,
It views the same all-gracious power,
That breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd ;

The one eternal end of heaven
Is universal good.

5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

6 By reason taught to scorn those fears,
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
The pious christian's rest.

7 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul ;

8 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day !

HYMN CXXXVII. *Six Line L. M.*

God the source of consolation and health.

1 'Tis mercy calls,—a tribute bring
Of grateful homage to our King ;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad
The boundless mercy of our God ;
'Tis mercy calls,—in chorus raise
To God a song of heartfelt praise.

- 2 His eye beholds each anxious fear,
The stifled sigh, the silent tear ;
He sees the widow's streaming eye,
He hears the hungry orphan's cry ;
Depending worlds his bounty share,
And meanest insects are his care.
- 3 Ye pious, but dejected minds,
Whom error darkens, weakness binds,
Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
And know, the Lord, your help, is nigh ;
Let hope in every bosom spring,
For mercy dwells with heaven's high King
- 4 All ye who feel the stroke of time,
And ye whose cheeks confess their prime,
Your Maker and Preserver praise
For early and for lengthen'd days ;
Let all with heartfelt praises sing
The mercies of our heavenly King.
-

HYMN CXXXVIII. C. M.

On recovery from sickness.

- 1 My God ! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,

When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.

3 Calmly I watch'd my ebbing life ;
I knew thy time was best ;
Nor fear'd t' obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my gracious God !
Did I my soul resign ;
And humbly trusted in thy grace,
For pard'ning love is thine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come ;
Nor would I wish a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

HYMN CXXXIX. C. M.

God the refuge of the just.

1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,

- They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Though by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee !

HYMN CXL. C. M.

Safety in God.

- 1 Hear, O my God! in mercy hear
Thy suppliant's humble cry,
Oppress'd with grief, and chill'd by fear,
To thee I lift mine eye.
- 2 From the wide earth's remotest bound,
I pour the fervent prayer,
Thy sov'reign balm for every wound
Can reach me, even there.
- 3 When anguish overwhelms my heart,
And sorrow's waves roll high,
Then graciously thy aid impart,
And cheer the lifted eye.
- 4 O lead me to the shadowing rock
That lifts its friendly form,
For there, secure from every shock,
My bark shall ride the storm.
- 5 There, in the haven of thine arms,
My soul shall fear no ill,
But rest secure from all alarms,
Since thou art with me still.
- 6 So will I daily tune my voice
To rapt'rous songs of praise,
Each hour with gratitude rejoice,
And hymns of gladness raise.

HYMN CXLI. L. M.

God the confidence of the good at all times.

- 1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God, whose sov'reign will
All nature's laws and powers fulfil.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And every gracious promise sees.
- 3 There may the pious, humble mind,
Support in all its troubles find ;
And on that mighty God may stay,
Whose power the earth and heavens display.
- 4 Whence then arise distressing fears ?
Why do we still indulge our tears ?
Or why without those comforts live
Our God and Father waits to give ?
- 5 O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what our Father saith !
And, having done his will, to place
A trust undoubting in his grace !
- 6 Should earth then to its centre shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

HYMN CXLII. *C. M.*

Seeking protection and guidance from the God of our fathers.

- 1 O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
We'll our whole souls resign ;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have is thine.

HYMN CXLIII. *L. M.*

God is love.

- 1 When darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;

Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

HYMN CXLIV. C. M.

God just and wise in afflictive appointments.

- 1 If Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare ;
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.

- 2 Whate'er he orders must be just ;
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.
- 3 The mind to which I owe my own,
To guide this mind is wise ;
And he, to whom my faults are known,
The fittest to chastise.
- 4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach me, Power Divine !
Still to reply, thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.
-

HYMN CXLV. C. M.

Benefit of affliction.

- 1 O God ! to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly ;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath chang'd to real good.
- 3 The tempest that obscur'd the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care, and sensual joy,
And turn'd my thoughts to thee.

- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
 To feel for others' woe ;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
 My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ! ye billows, roar !
 My heart defies your shock ;
Ye make me cling to God the more,
 To God, my shelt'ring rock.
-

HYMN CXLVI. *C. M.**Submission under afflictive providences.*

- 1 Naked as from the earth we came,
 And rose to life at first,
We to the earth shall soon descend,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name)
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And every murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.
-

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

God our refuge in trouble.

- 1 Thou Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy promises can bring relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would rise to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be shut when I complain ?

- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There shall my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thee still,
And wait beneath thy feet.
-

HYMN CXLVIII. *L. M.*

Dependence on God under the loss of friends.

- 1 The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not a murm'ring thought shall e'er
With these our mourning passions blend ;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, thee have we chose,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy cov'nant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN CXLIX. C. M.

Divine mercy moderating affliction.

- 1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm ;
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will ;
And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let us hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And heavenly hopes and prospects rise
To sooth our souls to peace.



HYMN CL. 10s M.

God the source of light and comfort.

- 1 O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds
presides !
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom
guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light
divine.

- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From thee, great God ! we spring ; to
thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.
-

HYMN CLI. *Six Line L. M.*

Jesus Christ.

- 1 Sages of ancient letter'd times !
In every age, and diff'rent climes,
For wisdom fam'd among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly scatter'd rays,
Before the broad, o'erpowering blaze
Of the supreme, eternal mind.
- 2 Mercy's great year, in heaven enroll'd,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd,
Light of the world, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.
- 3 Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught ;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame man bounding like the roe ;
The blind look up to heaven, stern death
Resigns its spoil, and from his breath
Fierce demons shrink to shades below.
- 4 O works of power, O works of love,
Ethereal embassy to prove,

That every rising doubt control ;
Earnest of love and power more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the mis'ries of the soul.

- 5 Great prophet, Saviour, worthy thou
That every knee in homage bow,
From every mouth thy praise should flow ;
All thy commands are mild and just,
Thy promise, faithful to our trust,
Will pardon, peace, and heav'n bestow.



HYMN CLII. C. M.

The mission of Christ.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 This day arose our glorious head,
And death's dread empire fell ;
This day the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell,
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race !
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;

The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN CLIII. *C. M.*

Appearance of angels to the shepherds.

- 1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind ;
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign ;—
- 4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song ;—

6 ' All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease.'

HYMN CLIV. *H. M.*

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 Hark ! what celestial notes,
 What melody we hear !
 Soft on the morn it floats,
 And fills the ravish'd ear.
 The tuneful shell The golden lyre
 And vocal choir The concert swell.
- 2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
 With harmony divine ;
 See how from heaven they bend,
 And in full chorus join.
 Fear not, say they, Great joy we bring ;
 Jesus, your king, Is born to-day.
- 3 He comes, from error's night
 Your wand'ring souls to save ;
 To realms of bliss and light
 He lifts you from the grave.
 This glorious morn, (Let all attend !)
 Your matchless friend, Your Saviour's born.
- 4 Glory to God on high !
 Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound.
For peace on earth, From God in heaven,
To man is given, At Jesus' birth.

HYMN CLV. *P. M.**Annunciation of Christ's birth.*

- 1 No war nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn
In social circle sat ; while all around
The gentle, fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning
band.
- 4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight,

Harping in solemn choir, in robes array'd,
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings display'd.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God dispos'd in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung

6 'Hail! hail! auspicious morn!
 The Saviour Christ is born ;'
 (Such was the immortal seraphs' song sublime,)
 'Glory to God in heaven!
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of
 time !'



HYMN CLVI. *Six Line C. M.*

Design of Christ's mission.

1 O let your mingling voices rise,
 In grateful rapture to the skies,
 And hail a Saviour's birth!
 Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
 When Jesus all-triumphant came
 To bless the sons of earth.

- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came, our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.
- 4 Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
-

HYMN CLVII. C. M.

Song of the angels.

- 1 'Shepherds, rejoice ! lift up your eyes,
And send you fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 'Jesus, the King whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;

To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song ;—

6 Glory to God who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
By their Redeemer's birth.'



HYMN CLVIII. *Six Line C. M.*

Man to join in the song of angels.

1 Arise, and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things ;
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

- 2 If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs ;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.
 - 3 O then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day ;
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell.
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.
-

HYMN CLIX. *L. M.**Christ the image of the invisible God.*

- 1 Thou, Lord ! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown.
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;—
- 3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

- 4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turn'd away their face ;
Yet those, who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
 - 5 O thou ! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
 - 6 While we thine image there display'd,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.
-

HYMN CLX. *L. M.**The miracles of Christ.*

- 1 What works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove ;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright, celestial ray ;
And deafen'd ears by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve ; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

- 4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul ! these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Canst thou behold thy Saviour's power,
And not the God he serv'd adore ?

HYMN CLXI. *L. M.*

The example of Christ.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy def'rence to thy Father's will ;
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CLXII. C. M.

The same subject.

- 1 Behold ! where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood,
His foes ungrateful sought his life,—
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd,
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !
-

HYMN CLXIII. *L. M.**Christ our exemplar.*

- 1 Bless'd Jesus, how divinely bright !
In thee each heavenly virtue shone,
When for our sakes incarnate here,
How justly styl'd the 'Holy One.'
- 2 With what a strong and vivid flame,
Did thy devotion ever rise ?
While each revolving day and night,
Witness'd thy visits to the skies.
- 3 The guiltless spirit, and the mind,
From pride, from passion ever free,
Patient, and just, and pure, and kind,
Are faint descriptions, Lord, of thee.
- 4 Fain would I wear thy lovely form,
And in each sacred virtue shine ;
O ! may thy spirit on my soul,
Deep trace the portraiture divine !
- 5 Thou blessed sun, with quick'ning rays,
Pervade this cold and flinty breast ;
Kindle up life through all my powers,
And be my guide to endless rest.

- 6 Yes, dear Redeemer, let thy love
And power, these sacred gifts impart;
I'll tune to thee the song of praise,
With glowing gratitude of heart.
- 7 The list'ning earth shall learn thy name,
Approve, and echo to my lay;
Angels and saints prolong the theme
With joy, through one eternal day.
-

HYMN CLXIV. *L. M.*

Christ's submission to his Father's will.

- 1 'Father divine,' the Saviour cried,
While horrors press'd on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
'Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 'But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say—*Thy will, not mine, be done.*'
- 3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone
Would say,—*Thy will, not ours, be done.*

HYMN CLXV. *C. M.**Christ's Regard for little children.*

- 1 See Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
 - 2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.'
 - 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
 - 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
 - 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.
-

HYMN CLXVI. *L. M.**Hymn for baptism.*

- 1 This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!

- Shield it from sin and threat'ning wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.
- 4 Grant that with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the christian's part,
Cheer'd by each promise thou hast given,
And lab'ring for the prize in heaven.
- 5 Thou God and Father of us all,
O let thy blessing on us fall,
Teach us a grateful life to live,
And still thy daily mercies give.
- 6 But first that richest gift impart,
The faith of an obedient heart,
Fast bound to Jesus Christ in love,
And rip'ning for the joys above.
-

HYMN CLXVII. C. M.

Institution of the Lord's supper.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,

Against Messiah, God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes ;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and broke and bless'd ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wond'rous grace his words express'd.

3 'This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food ;'
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine ;
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 'Do this, (he cried) till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend,
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord.'



HYMN CLXVIII. *L. M.*

' This do in remembrance of me.'

1 'Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend !'
Such was our Master's last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see.
Thy table food celestial yields;
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But O! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!
-

HYMN CLXIX. *L. M.**Celebration of the Lord's supper.*

- 1 This feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request;
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep—
The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?
- 4 Shall he, who fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies?

- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name ;
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.
-

HYMN CLXX. C. M.

The dispositions proper for the communion.

- 1 O here, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 ' Thy kingdom come ; ' we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

HYMN CLXXI. *C. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Ye foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
 - 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;
Inspir'd by love, he died.
 - 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.
 - 4 Let none, who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.
-

HYMN CLXXII. *L. M.**Invitation to the Lord's supper.*

- 1 Father! and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness-know.
- 2 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;

And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd ;
With warm desire let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord !
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.

5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun !

HYMN CLXXIII. *L. M.*

Contemplation of the love of Jesus.

1 'See how he lov'd!' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

- 3 See how he lov'd, who, firm, yet mild,
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provok'd, he ne'er revil'd,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he lov'd, who died for man,
Who labour'd thus, and thus endur'd,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secur'd.
- 6 Such love can we, unmov'd, survey?
O may our breasts with ardour glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show!



HYMN CLXXIV. S. M.

Sufferings, death and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Author of life and bliss!
Thy goodness I adore.
O give me strength to speak thy praise,
And grace to love thee more!
- 2 First for this world, so fair,
My daily thanks shall rise;
For every comfort, every joy,
Thy bounteous hand supplies.

- 3 But yet a nobler cause
Demands my warmest love ;
Can words describe the wond'rous gift
Descending from above ?
- 4 The Saviour dwelt on earth ;
He died, that we might live ;
Endur'd the sorrows of the cross,
Immortal hope to give.
- 5 Ah who can tell the scorn
That our Redeemer bore ?
Or who describe the mental grief,
Which his blest bosom tore ?
- 6 Low in the grave he lay,
While darkness veil'd the skies.
But lo!—he bursts the bands of death ;
To glory see him rise!
- 7 Father! this work is thine ;
For us thou gav'st thy Son.
O may we all devoted be,
And live to thee alone!

HYMN CLXXV. C. M.

Death, resurrection and ascension of Christ.

- 1 The gracious Saviour bow'd his head,
And drew his parting breath ;
And as he liv'd to vanquish sin,
He died to conquer death.

- 2 Three days—so high behests ordain'd,
Death triumph'd o'er his prize;
The hour of grace at length arriv'd,
Behold the conqueror rise!
- 3 He rose triumphant to his God;
He wing'd to heaven his flight,
Where endless ages he shall reign
Enthron'd in realms of light.
- 4 Wond'rous the grace, that gave to death
The best belov'd of God;
That bade the Saviour feel for us
Affliction's keenest rod.
- 5 With every grateful thought inspir'd,
Devoutly let us raise
Our humble voice to mercy's throne,
In never ceasing praise.
- 6 Nor this be all—the grateful life
Should speak the thankful mind:
The heart that feels redemption's good,
Should be to good inclin'd.
-

HYMN CLXXVI. C. M.

Christ's death and exaltation.

- 1 Ye humble souls! who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 His life for us he freely gave;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus, cold in death, that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain:
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With cheerful hope may every saint
The vale of death survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.
-

HYMN LXXVII. 7s M.

Christ risen, and Death vanquished.

- 1 Angel, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom! Hallelujah!
- 2 Mortals, join in rapt'rous song,
Let the notes be sweet and strong;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born!

- 3 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres !
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !
- 4 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell :
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king.
-

HYMN CLXXVIII. 7s M.

Christ risen, and the work of redemption finished.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal !
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king ;
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Dying once he all doth save ;
Where thy vict'ry now, O grave !

HYMN CLXXIX. *P. M.**Resurrection of Christ, and immortality secured.*

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

Vain were the terrors that gather'd around
him,

And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound him,

Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall
not die.'

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us, death cannot des-
troy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-
morrow,

If tears were our birthright, and death were
our end ;

But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of
sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
die.

HYMN CLXXX. *L. M.**Resurrection of Christ, and blessings of salvation.*

- 1 Hosanna ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king ;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.
- 2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold an angel from the skies
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.
- 3 With strength immortal, forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.
- 4 Ye tribes of Adam ! raise the song ;
And, with your noblest notes, prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace,
Which seal'd salvation to our race.
- 5 Salvation—joy-inspiring theme !
Best gift of him who reigns supreme ;
Sweet balm of every human woe,
And source of boundless joy below !
- 6 Salvation—sons of men ! record
The glories of your dying Lord ;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

HYMN CLXXXI. *L. M.**Christ's resurrection and ascension.*

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is ascended high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
 - 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant their solemn lay ;
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors ! give way.'
 - 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He bursts the bands of death and night,
And heaven receives the Conqueror in.
 - 4 Whom did the Lord of life subdue ?
The tyrant death, his arm o'ercame,
The world and hell his power o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
 - 5 Who is the King of glory—who ?
The Christ, with God's own power possess'd,
And made our King and Saviour too ;—
Thanks be to God, for ever bless'd !
-

HYMN CLXXXII. *7s M.**Ascension of Christ.*

- 1 Jesus, our triumphant head,
Risen victorious from the dead.

To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne,

- 2 Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
Each bright order of the sky
Hails him as he passes by.
- 3 Heaven its King congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of vict'ry bring ;
All the blissful regions ring,
- 4 Sinners, join the heavenly powers ;
For redemption all is ours.
Humble penitents shall prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
- 5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord ;
Holy Lamb ! incarnate word !
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God !
Take the trophies of thy blood.



HYMN CLXXXIII. *H. M.*

Christ seen of angels.

- 1 O ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne !
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known ;
- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| On earth ye knew | His wondrous grace ! |
| His radiant face | In heaven ye view. |

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd ;
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid ;
And praise to God And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown The victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
And could your eyes Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the bless'd inoment come
To rouse him from his sleep ;
Then roll'd the stone, And all ador'd
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;

And wav'd around Your golden wings,
And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And thou, my heart ! With equal flame,
And joy the same, Perform thy part.

HYMN CLXXXIV. C. M.

' Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 ' Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
' To be exalted thus ;'
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine,
- 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
In air, on earth, in seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name

Of him, who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !



HYMN CLXXXV. H. M.

' Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory.'

1 Thanks be to God the Lord,
The victory is ours ;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers !

The monster sin In chains is bound,
And death has felt His mortal wound,

2 Oppress'd with guilt and woe,
In darkness long we lay,
Till Christ on earth appear'd,
Then all was boundless day ;

With terror struck, The host of night
Fled in despair, To shun the light.

3 Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb
Behold his trophy blaze,—
The banner of the cross,
That pours its streaming rays,

To mark the path Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide Our steps to God.

4 Give thanks to God the Lord,
The victory is ours ;
For hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers !

The hymn of joy Exulting raise,
And shout aloud The Saviour's praise.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *L. M.**The kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Thro' him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every daily sacrifice.
- 3 From north to south shall princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet ;
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with grateful song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King !
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.

HYMN CLXXXVII. C. M.

Universal extent of Christ's kingdom.

- 1 O'er mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. 7 & 6s M.

'He shall have dominion from sea to sea.'

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 By such shall he be fear'd,
While sun and moon endure,
Belov'd, obey'd, rever'd ;
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.
- 4 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,

And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert-ranger,
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.
-

HYMN CLXXXIX. 8 & 7s M.

The future peace and glory of the church.

- 1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken,
'O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken;
Fair abodes I build for you:
There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty will bestow.
- 2 'There, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.
God will rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.'

HYMN CXC. L. M.

(JEWISH HYMN.)

*God still with his ancient people, who are of a humble
and contrite heart.*

- 1 When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along th' astonish'd lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.
- 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;
And Sion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priests and warrior's voice between.
- 4 No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.
- 5 But present still, though now unseen !
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
- 6 And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

- 7 Our harps were left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
- 8 But thou hast said,—the blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.
-

HYMN CXCI. *C. M.**Consecration of a new place of worship.*

- 1 And wilt thou, great and gracious God!
Bend from thy radiant throne,
On earth establish thine abode,
And make this house thine own ?
- 2 Be ever sacred, then, these walls,
The dwelling of thy choice ;
And here be heard that sweetest sound,
The humble, thankful voice.
- 3 To all who faithfully explore,
Th' unerring way be shown,
To know thyself, God only true,
And Christ, thy chosen Son.
- 4 May love, with sweet, resistless power,
Constrain her guests to come ;
Arrest the sinner's downward course,
And call the wand'rer home.

5 These courts we for thy service raise,
 Long may thy presence bless ;
 And to each heart conform'd to thee,
 Reveal a Father's grace.

6 O in the day of final doom,
 Which shall thy truth make clear ;
 May myriads find the heavenly home,
 Born to that glory here.

HYMN CXCH. *H. M.*

Efficacy of the gospel.

1 Mark the soft-falling snow,
 And the diffusive rain !
 To heaven, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth Through every pore,
 And calls forth all Her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green,
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By Providence divine ;
 The harvest bows Its golden ears,
 The copious seed Of future years.

3 'So,' saith the God of grace,
 'My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty, to effect
 The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls Shall feel its power,
 And bear it down To millions more.'

HYMN CXCIH. S. M.

Attractive influence of the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 Behold th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !
 - 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?
 - 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.
 - 4 In sympathy of love
Let all the earth combine ;
And, drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.
 - 5 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.
-

HYMN CXCIH. C. M.

Christians animated by the view of Christ's sufferings and victory.

- 1 Hark ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From the bright realms above !

Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of power and love.

2 ' Maintain the fight, my faithful band !

Nor fear the mortal blow ;
He that in such a warfare dies,
Shall speedy vict'ry know.

3 ' I have my days of combat known,

And in the dust was laid ;
But now I sit upon my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 ' This throne, this glory shall be yours,

My hands the crown shall give ;
And you the blest reward shall share,
Whilst God himself shall live.'

5 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd

With courage and with love ;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,

To triumph and renown ;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but wear thy crown !

HYMN CXCIV. *L. M.*

'Lo ! it is I, be not afraid.'

1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,

In soothing accents, Jesus said,
'Lo! it is I, be not afraid.'

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from
heaven

To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
'Lo! it is I, be not afraid.'

3 When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage,
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers,—God is over all.

4 God calms the tumult and the storm,
He rules the seraph and the worm,
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know or know him not.

5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shudd'ring nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
'Lo! it is I, be not afraid.'

HYMN CXCVI. L. M.

Weary souls invited to Christ.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes to God ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
 - 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
 - 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
 - 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
May that sweet influence in our breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.
-

HYMN CXCVII. C. M.

The Saviour's commission.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and power, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental sight ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 6 His silver trumpet loud proclaims
The Lord's accepted year ;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage is clear.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.
-

HYMN CXCVIII. 7s M.

Christ's invitations.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.
- 3 Ye who toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;—
Who the stings of guilt can bear !
- 5 Sinner ! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
-

HYMN CXCIX. *L. M.**The great Physician.*

- 1 Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.
- 2 To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,

- His word imparts a blissful ray ;
Sweet morning of celestial day !
- 3 Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour, bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd to praise
- 4 Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
Beneath the great Physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest power his word controls,
That fatal leprosy of souls.
- 5 That hand divine which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage ;
That hand omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.
- 6 When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death already reigns,
He speaks ; the vital powers revive ;
He speaks, and dying sinners live.
- 7 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command ;
O let thy sov'reign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart.
-

HYMN CC. C. M.

God the salvation of his people.

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,

- And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought ?
While our eternal Rock's disown'd,
And Israel's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view ;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God !
With gentle pity see ;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.
-

HYMN CCL. S. M.

The hope of salvation through Christ.

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its well beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From an abyss of woes.
- 3 Pardon and peace from heaven,
Jesus proclaims abroad ;

And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.

4 Now, sinners ! dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

5 Lord ! we obey thy call !
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And bless and praise thy name.

HYMN CCII. *Six Line C. M.*

Unrivalled beauty and glory of religion.

- 1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.
- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptur'd soul she tells
Of peace and promis'd heaven.
- 3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground,
And groves and gardens blooming round
Unnumber'd charms unfold :

Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

- 4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.
-

HYMN CCIII. C. M.

Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 Father of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever fresh delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light !

HYMN CCIV. S. M.

Meekness and candour in investigating divine truth.

- 1 Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
 - 2 May we, O Lord ! maintain
A meek, inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
 - 3 With understanding bless'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
 - 4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill ;
From baneful error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
 - 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.
-

HYMN CCV. C. M.

Comforts of religion.

- 1 When gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,

- And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade ;
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid !
- 5 O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.
-

HYMN CCVI. *L. M.**Prayer.*

- 1 Our Father ! thron'd above the sky,
To thee, our empty hands we spread ;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,
As clouds before the solar beam ;

- Our souls from bondage and from hell
To liberty and life redeem.
- 3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 4 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?
- 5 Our heavenly father! how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise;
And open thy unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries?
- 6 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.
- 7 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient suppliant has blest;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest.
-

HYMN CCVII. *C. M.**The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 Our Father, high enthron'd above,
With boundless glory crown'd:

Fountain of light, and life, and love,
Ten thousand worlds around.

2 Supremely honour'd be thy name,
By every grateful mind ;
Whether a pure ethereal flame,
Or yet in flesh confin'd.

3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad ;
Till earth, and all her millions, sing
The praises of their God.

4 O be thy will on earth obey'd,
As 'tis obey'd above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.

5 ' These are for ever thine,' in songs
Heaven's blissful myriads cry ;
' These are for ever thine,' our tongues
In humbler notes reply.



HYMN CCVIII. 7s *M.*

Penitential.

1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;

- Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !
-

HYMN CCIX. *C. M.**Imploring forgiveness.*

- 1 Thou sacred Power, in heaven above,
Eternal and supreme !
Accept the faint address we make
To thy adored name.
- 2 Pierc'd with the deepest sense of guilt,
We bow before thy throne,
And humbly hope for pard'ning grace,
Through thy beloved Son.
- 3 O may that grace our hearts incline
To keep the heavenly road !

- Though all the powers on earth combine
To drive us from our God.
- 4 Sinful we are, and oft offend
Against thy just command,
And yet protection still we find,
From thy supporting hand.
- 5 Th' amazing debt to thee we owe,
Increases every day ;
And yet a few relenting tears,
Is all we can repay.
- 6 Thy tender mercies, Lord, bestow,
Our many sins remove ;
And every stubborn heart subdue,
With thy forgiving love.
-

HYMN CCX. *S. M.**Contrition.*

- 1 O thou, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

4 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

HYMN CCXI. L. M.

Public humiliation.

- 1 Great Framers of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore !
Thy goodness all thy creatures share,
And nature trembles at thy power.
- 2 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Whose altar is the contrite heart,
Whose incense, a repentant sigh.
- 3 Although enormous crimes abound,
Should but a genuine sorrow rise ;
And as new troubles threaten round
'Midst wasting wars and angry skies,
- 4 Should, in her sober hour, our land
Confess thy hand and bless the rod ;
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend,
Who lov'd to own thee as her God.

HYMN CCXII. C. M.

For a fast day.

- 1 When Abr'ham full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued,
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Some saints, we hope, can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode,
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN CCXIII. L. M.

Fast day in time of war.

- 1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The parent and the Lord of all!
 - 2 Thou, who has stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race!
 - 3 O see, with what insatiate rage,
Thy sons their impious battles wage!
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!
 - 4 Great God! whose powerful hand can
bind
The raging waves, and furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace!
 - 5 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son's blest errand from above,—
'My creatures! live in mutual love!'
-

HYMN CCXIV. C. M.

Mercy to the penitent.

- 1 O thou, the wretched's sure retreat.
Who dost our cares control,

- And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears ;
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.
-

HYMN CCXV. C. M.

Comfort from the assurance of forgiveness.

- 1 Sweet is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease,

- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast :
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.
-

HYMN CCXVI. *S. M.**Light and deliverance.*

- 1 The trav'ler lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet, the dawn of day,
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !

- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to gospel light
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.
- 6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free ;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord ! to thee !
-

HYMN CCXVII. *L. M.**One thing needful.*

- 1 Why do we waste on trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Our Father calls us from above,
Our Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;
Shall all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so, our closing eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

- 4 Almighty God ! thy power impart
And fix conviction on the heart ,
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the proudest scorner wise.
-

HYMN CCXVIII. *L. M.**A happy life.*

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;
- 3 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
Whose heart, as open as the day,
Fears not to call his God his friend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He, having nothing, yet hath all.

HYMN CCXIX. *L. M.**The Christian race.*

- 1 Awake, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought begone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on !
- 2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose powerful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done ;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From him, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply ;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls will fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN CCXX. *C. M.**Zeal and vigour in the christian race.*

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;

- A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul ! with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey the immortal prize ;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth,
Allure thy wandering eyes.
-

HYMN CCXXI. L. M.

Temptations without and within.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
See how thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !
- 2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;

See pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led!

- 3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset me round;
O let me then guard every part;
But most, the traitor in my heart!
- 4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 5 The terror and the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell;
The tempter once thou didst subdue;
O make me more than conqueror too!

HYMN CCXXII. L. M.

Self-Examination.

- 1 Thou vain, intruding world, depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone,
I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend;

- What aim my busy thoughts pursue ;
What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
And shall I waste the ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day ?
And throw my fleeting time away ?
- 5 Be this my chief, my constant care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
A pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.
-

HYMN CCXXIII. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus formed, and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 2 Searcher of hearts ! O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal,
My fears remove ; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.
- 3 Scatter the clouds, that o'er my head,
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;

Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.

- 4 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.



HYMN CCXXIV. *L. M.*

Retirement and meditation.

- 1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy powerful word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

HYMN CCXXV. C. M.

On becoming acquainted with God.

- 1 O shun, in youth the thoughtless throng
Of fashion's fickle train ;
Though gay its smiles, and sweet its song,
The world's delights are vain.
 - 2 Thy soul unbosom oft in prayer,
Thy wants to God unfold,
And to his will with earnest care
Thy spirit strive to mould.
 - 3 O, form to him the op'ning soul
In solemn solitude ;
'Mid silence there the heavenly goal
In visions high be view'd.
 - 4 My God! from busy crowds I fly ;
Be thou my guide, my friend ;
O, raise my soul, or from on high
Vouchsafe thy face to bend.
 - 5 And bid my spirit, e'en below,
Thy mercies clearly see ;
With thee, my God, acquainted grow,
And build all hopes on thee.
-

HYMN CCXXVI. C. M.

Religious retirement.

- 1 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;

- From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love.
She communes with her God !
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Thou source of light divine !
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Father!—thou art mine !
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,—
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above.
When time shall be no more !
-

HYMN CCXXVII. *C. M.**Self-examination for the evening.*

- 1 Another day of life is gone ;
A doubtful few remain ;
Review, my soul, what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.
- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away ?

And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day ?

3 This day, what conquests hast thou gain'd ?
What sin is overcome ?

What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
To bring thee nearer home ?

4 Thus every day thy course review,
Thy real state to learn ;
And with renewed zeal pursue
Thy great, thy chief concern.

HYMN CCXXVIII. C. M.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

1 Perpetual Source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And transient vows renew,—
Fleeting too oft as morning clouds,
And like the early dew.

4 Our former follies, Lord ! we mourn,
And now thy grace implore

To guide our often-erring steps,
That we may stray no more.

- 5 Aided by energy divine,
May we more steadfast prove ;
And with determin'd zeal press on
To gain thy courts above.
-

HYMN CCXXIX. *L. M.*

Praise for divine grace.

- 1 Praise to thy name, eternal God !
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more ;
Where are its balmy odours fled ?
And why reclines its beauteous head ?
- 4 Too plain, alas ! the languor shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows ;
Where the black frosts and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away ;

Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

- 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below !
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad,
A fragrance grateful to our God.

HYMN CCXXX. L. M.

Steadfastness and watchfulness implored.

- 1 Great God ! my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend !
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceiv'd approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger 's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within !
- 5 Search, gracious God ! my inmost heart ;
From guilt and error set me free ;

Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee,

HYMN CCXXXI. *L. M.*

Christian patience and fortitude.

- 1 Father of light ! my footsteps guide
Along the dang'rous path I tread ;
Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,
By error or by sin misled.
 - 2 While the mad world around me spend
Their days in folly or in crime ;
O that my feet may always tend
To wise redemption of my time !
 - 3 With truth illuminate my mind,
Inspire with fortitude my heart ;
Ne'er let me wander with the blind,
Nor waver in the Christian's part.
 - 4 Fashion and crowds conspire in vain,
To shake the firmness of my soul,
All your allurements I disdain,
God only shall my choice control.
-

HYMN CCXXXII. *P. M.*

Christian heroism.

- 1 The Lord our God 's a stable tower,
A sword and shield around us ;

He saves us by his grace and power
From all that strive to wound us.

Man's deceitful foe
Plots our death and woe,
Wielding in the fight
His crafty arms with might ;
On earth there 's not his equal.

- 2 Though human prowess nothing gains,
Our souls are not dejected ;
A valiant one the war maintains,
The one whom God elected.

Know ye not his fame ?
Jesus is his name ;
Christ the saving word,
Our life, our joy, our Lord,
And his must be the triumph.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *L. M.*

Preservation from sin implored.

- 1 Amidst a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray
To guide us in the doubtful way ;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dang'rous hour.

- 3 Teach us the flatt'ring paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each noble principle impart ;
That faith that sanctifies the heart,
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love, that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is honest, pure, refin'd,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant zeal pursue,
That may we love and practise too.
- 6 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure our wand'ring souls aside ;
Nor tempt us from the narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God,
-

HYMN CCXXXIV. *C. M.**Imploring Divine guidance.*

- 1 Father of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dang'rous road !
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And when I go astray,
Recal my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart ;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispers'd
In endless light above.
-

HYMN CCXXXV. *L. M.**Devout aspirations.*

- 1 Supreme and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below ;—
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion toss'd,
And in a maze of error lost ;
- 3 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be
What all thy holy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want ;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.
-

HYMN CCXXXVI. *L. M.**The better part.*

- 1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand ;
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage our roving, treach'rous heart,
To choose the wise, the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwrecks shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Father ! still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find unbounded bliss in thee.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *L. M.**Christian privileges and obligations.*

- 1 How many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots my share of time
Within his gospel's favour'd clime ?
 - 2 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?
Shall I my great vocation stain ?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought !
Away, each sensual, earthly thought !
 - 3 My soul ! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right, and acting well ;
Deep let thy searching powers engage,
Unbiass'd in the sacred page.
 - 4 Heighten the force of good desire ;
To deeds of shining worth aspire ;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.
 - 5 Strong and more strong, thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school ;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.
-

HYMN CCXXXVIII. *L. M.**Faith without works is dead.*

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decay'd and dead,

- Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord ! to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord ;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their
cares.
- 4 In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 5 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er it winds its secret way ;
But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The fount has never wand'ered there.
-

HYMN CCXXXIX. *L. M.*

'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord,' &c.

- 1 Not he whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise ;
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word ;

- 2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love ;
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows ;
 - 3 Whose heart enlarg'd bids him embrace,
As brethren, all the human race ;
Who for his friends with ardour glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.
 - 4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crown'd, above the skies ;
Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
And place by God's immortal throne.
-

HYMN CCXL. *L. M.**A good conscience the best support.*

- 1 While some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last.
- 2 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Though heaven afflict, shall I repine ?
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which will o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

- 4 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 5 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,—
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.
-

HYMN CCXLI. *C. M.**Living habitually in the fear of God.*

- 1 Thrice happy men, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear !
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our off'rings to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried ;
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 4 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.

- 5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.
-

HYMN CCXLII. C. M.

' Remember thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.'

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.
-

HYMN CCXLIII. L. M.

Humility.

- 1 Was pride, alas ! e'er made for man ?
Blind, erring, guilty creature he,
His birth the dust, his life a span,
His wisdom less than vanity.

- 2 If wealth, and power, and dazzling rays,
And pageant state, this nothing dress ;
On the fair idol shall we gaze,
And envy *that* as happiness ?
 - 3 Jesus, by thy instruction taught,
Our foolish passions are repress :
We blush at our misguided thought,
And see and call the humble blest.
 - 4 To know ourselves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath thy throne,
Thus dictates wise humility,
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.
-

HYMN CCXLIV. *L. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground,
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum
Are crowded in life's little span ;
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of our lives ! Father divine !
Give us a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth, O may we shine,
And peace in humble virtue find !
-

HYMN CCXLV. *C. M.**Humility, tenderness, and sympathy.*

- 1 Thou great and sacred Lord of all !
Of life the only spring ;
Of all on earth, and all in Heaven,
The wise and righteous King ;
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart,
All stubbornness and pride ;
Nor let me in the dang'rous scenes,
That sinners choose, abide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I bless the good, and to the ill,
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With gen'rous pleasure may I view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Ill-temper'd envy may I fly,
With odious self-conceit.

- 5 Nor brooding spleen, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known ;
Tears may I find for others' woe,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food,
I ask not wealth or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
A heart to praise thy name.
- 7 Serenely may my days move on,
Without remorse or care ;
And may I for the parting hour
In every hour prepare.
-

HYMN CCXLVI. *L. M.**Meekness.*

- 1 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the bless'd,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN CCXLVII. *L. M.**Justice.*

- 1 If high or low our station be,
Or noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord! we humbly claim.
 - 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just !
 - 3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all, the debt of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
 - 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that blest world, where virtue shares
A fit reward ; though not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.
-

HYMN CCXLVIII. *L. M.**Brotherly love.*

- 1 O God, our Father and our King,
Of all we have or hope, the spring ;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.
- 2 May we from every act abstain
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,

And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind ;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.

4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
Thus may we his disciples prove
Who came to manifest thy love.



HYMN CCXLIX. L. M.

Christian zeal tempered by Charity.

1 Great God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul !
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And O, let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the off'rings which I bring.

3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will ;

While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates my zeal ;—

- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

HYMN CCL. *L. M.*

Religion vain without love.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CCLI. *L. M.**Toleration.*

- 1 All knowing God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all !
Thy servants to his bar may call ;
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right ;
While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould ;
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

HYMN CCLII. *S. M.**Christian love.*

- 1 Let party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread ;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, and ill-will,
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN CCLIII. L. M.

Pious friendship.

1 How bless'd the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one !

2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love ! what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face ;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sick'ning fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.
-

HYMN CCLIV. *S. M.**Compassion and forgiveness.*

- 1 I hear the voice of woe,—
A fellow mortal mourns ;
My eyes with pity overflow,
My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,
The hungry beg for bread ;
O let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed !
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay ;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day ?

- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, 'I repent,
Nor will offend again?'
- 5 How else on soaring wing
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there?
- 6 The bountiful and kind
Thy bounty shall repay;
With thee shall the forgiving find
A sweet forgiving day.
- 7 But all who here below,
Mercy refuse to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy most they want.
-

HYMN CCLV. C. M.

Compassion.

- 1 Behold, where breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands;
His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

- 3 ' Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye,
Was never raised in vain ;
- 4 ' Whose breast expands with generous
warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 ' He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 ' To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 7 ' Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 ' To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil,
The perfect law of love.'

HYMN CCLVI. 7s M.

Love to God and man.

- 1 Father of our feeble race !
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd ;
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy haunts of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord ! what off'ring shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with lib'ral store ;
Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN CCLVII. *Six Line L. M.**Beneficence.*

- 1 O ye, who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace ;
Who ask in prayer, and own in praise,
That bounteous love which gilds your days;
Catch from above the hallow'd flame,
And dignify the Christian name !
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there ;
With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile ;
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God has stamped his image there.
- 3 When he, the sov'reign Judge draws nigh,
And holds th' unerring beam on high ;
Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale ;
Jesus shall call his foll'wers home,
' Ye blessed of my Father ! come.'

HYMN CCLVIII. *C. M.**Charity hymn.*

- 1 Lord of life, all praise excelling,
Thou in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

- 2 As thy love through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light ;
So the scorn'd and humble station
Rises in thine equal sight.
- 3 Thus thy care for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;
Who the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung ;
- 4 When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shall bind ;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.
- 5 When thy olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.
- 6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
- 7 Still we read thy words declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;
Mercy every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.
- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

HYMN CCLIX. *C. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.
- 2 Our off'ring is a willing mind
To comfort the distrest;
In others' griefs our own to find,
In others' blessings, blest,
- 3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.
- 4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.
- 5 Thus what our heavenly father gave,
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who liv'd to save,
And died that we might live.
- 6 Thus, passing through this vale of tears
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

HYMN CCLX. L. M.

The beatitudes.

- 1 Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts still move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.
-

HYMN CCLXI. *Six Line C. M.**Contentment and resignation.*

- 1 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given,—
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 2 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With holy care we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.
- 3 For conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

HYMN CCLXII. *L. M.**Contentment with little.*

- 1 Fountain of blessing, ever bless'd,
Enriching all, of all possess'd ;
By whom the whole creation 's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.
 - 2 To thee my very life I owe,
From thee do all my comforts flow ;
And every blessing which I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
 - 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire ;
Content with little would I be,
That little, Lord, must come from thee.
 - 4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more ;
With Agur's wish I'm satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.
-

HYMN CCLXIII. *C. M.**The vanity of earthly enjoyments.*

- 1 How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;

- We should suspect some danger near,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Pleasure's delusive form we trace,
Or dig for shining ore ;
At honour's gaudy shrine we bow,
Or grasp at boundless power.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
'Tis hard to call them thence.
- 5 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view ;
Yet we with anxious, fruitless toil,
These broken cisterns hew.
- 6 Be faith, and hope, and love divine,
My soul's eternal food ;
And wean this fond, this restless heart
From all created good.
-

HYMN CCLXIV. *C. M.**Insufficiency and danger of the world.*

- 1 How eagerly do men pursue
Each idle, childish toy ;
And venture everlasting death
To win a moment's joy ;
- 2 Neglected leave their nobler mind,
Or all its whiteness stain ;

And angels' happiness resign,
The bliss of brutes to gain.

3 The pleasures that allure the sense
Are dang'rous to us all ;
Sweet at the first, how soon succeeds
The bitterness of gall.

4 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

5 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.



HYMN CCLXV. *L. M.*

No rest on earth.

- 1 Man has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly,
Through all the scenes below the sky.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;

- And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.
-

HYMN CCLXVI. C. M.

Instability of worldly enjoyments.

- 1 The evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die,
Lord ! wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

HYMN CCLXVII. *L. M.**Human life.*

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years,
The patriarch's full maturity ;
'Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.
- 3 'He liv'd—he died ;' behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page !
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father ! in whose mighty hand,
The boundless years and ages lie ;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

HYMN CCLXVIII. *L. M.**The day of life declining.*

- 1 The short-lived day declines in haste ;
The night of death approaches fast ;

With rapid speed the moments run ;
In which the work of life is done.

- 2 With willing hearts, and active hands,
Lord ! may we practise thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.



HYMN CCLXIX. 7s M.

The shortness of life.

- 1 While, with careless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Finish'd is probation's day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 5 Thanks, for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon for our sins renew ;

Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

- 6 Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill our hearts with filial love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above,

HYMN CCLXX. *L. M.*

Time flying ; death approaching.

- 1 That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
On the short period of to-day ;
Shall time, which Heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 3 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
Awake ! rouse every active power ;
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour !
- 4 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 5 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve !
And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above !

HYMN CCLXXI. *L. M.**Life the day of grace.*

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
 - 2 Life is the season God has given
To fit us for the joys of heaven ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.
 - 3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
Let us with all our might pursue ;
And wisely every hour employ,
That faith and hope may turn to joy.
-

HYMN CCLXXII. *L. M.**The importance of time.*

- 1 Time, time, how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years keep rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
The Maker gave you here a place ?

Was it for this, his thought design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?

- 4 For lofty cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd you the sons of time ;
Pilgrims of time, ere long to be
The dwellers in eternity.
- 5 This season of your being, know,
Is portion'd you your deeds to sow,
Wisdom's and folly's diff'ring grain,
In future worlds is bliss and pain.
- 6 Be warn'd ; each night the day review,
Idle or busy ; search it through ;
And while probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.

HYMN CCLXXIII. C. M.

The lapse of time improved.

- 1 Remark, my soul ! the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds !
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast, eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year ;
And study artful ways to haste
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God ! this trifling heart,
My great concern to see ;
That I may choose the better part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.
-

HYMN CCLXXIV. *L. M.**The wisdom of improving time.*

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time his being draw ;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent, but swift, they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men,
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there 's no return.

- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show !
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.
-

HYMN CCLXXV. *Six Line L. M.*

Reflections on death.

- 1 Yet a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more !
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.
- 2 Great God ! how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath, between ;
And can I waste life's fleeting day ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,—
Trees deeply rooted in the ground
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.
- 3 Great Cause of all, above, below ;
Who knows thee must for ever know
Thou art immortal and divine ;
Thine image on my soul impress'd,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

HYMN CCLXXVI. C. M.

Lesson of human frailty.

- 1 So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race ;
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
Time lessens not its pace.
 - 2 But, Lord ! what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath !
And soon this fleeting life will end
In future life or death.
 - 3 O make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand-concern,
And for our change prepare ;
 - 4 May think of death, and learn to die
To all inferior things ;
Whilst our glad souls aspiring fly
To life's eternal springs.
-

HYMN CCLXXVII. L. M.

'Man cometh forth like a flower.'

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste ;
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the op'ning rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Though sickness blast, and death devour,
Yet heaven will recompense our pains ;
The grass may fade, and droop the flower,
But firm the word of God remains.



HYMN CCLXXVIII. C. M.

A funeral thought.

- 1 Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
Mine ears attend the cry,
' Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.'
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.
-

HYMN CCLXXIX. *L. M.**The grave.*

- 1 Here busy life, here pleasure ends,
And tie of blood and tie of friends.
Here ends probation's hour, and here
Virtue's hard strife with sin and care.
- 2 Why for vain riches do I toil,
Gath'ring for death a larger spoil?
Why for this dying flesh purvey,
The sinful pleasures of a day?
- 3 Why cling so closely to my heart
Kindred and friends? we soon must part!
And wherefore do I waste the span
Of mercy limited to man?

- 4 The pious few O let me join,
And with their faith my breath resign ;
That their hereafter, mine may be,
Ev'n mine their blest eternity.
-

HYMN CCLXXX. C. M.

Peace of the grave.

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last !
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
There, passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There, servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their righteous doom.

HYMN CCLXXXI. C. M.

Early death.

- 1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies !
 - 2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
 - 3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo ! stern winter flies !
And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.
 - 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
 - 5 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.
-

HYMN CCLXXXII. C. M.

Death of a young person.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which sorrow must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power,—I too must die,—
Sink deep in every breast !

3 Let this vain world delude no more ;
Behold the op'ning tomb ;
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow, death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.



HYMN CCLXXXIII. S. M.

Reflections on the state of our fathers.

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour—gone.

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;

Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers ! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. *L. M.*

On the death of a parent.

1 Though nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.

2 And while your mournful tho'ts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend !
With heart resign'd, his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children come
Through death's dark shades to realms of
light ?
Yet, when he calls them to their home,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight ?

- 4 His word—here let your soul rely—
Immortal consolation gives ;
Your heavenly Father cannot die,
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.
- 5 O be that best of friends your trust,
On his almighty arm recline ;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.
-

HYMN CCLXXXV. *L. M.**On the death of a child.*

- 1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seem'd the infant's dawn !
Thus swiftly fled its life away !
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care ;
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it bloom for ever there.
- 3 It died before its infant soul
Had ever burn'd with wrong desire ;
Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fire.
- 4 It died to sin, it died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings, and soar'd to God.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. *L. M.**On the dangerous sickness of a minister.*

- 1 O Thou, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down !
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies ;
Thy pitying aid, O God ! impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay ;
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. *C. M.**For a congregation on the death of its minister.*

- 1 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;
 - 2 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
 - 3 To him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly;
And on th' Eternal Shepherd's care,
With cheerful hope rely.
 - 4 The powers of nature, Lord! are thine;
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through every rising race.
 - 5 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless;
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.
-

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. *L. M.**Resignation and hope.*

- 1 Weary of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time,

Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

- 2 Ah why that sigh ? peace, coward heart,
And learn to bear thy lot of woe ;
Look round, how easy is thy part,
To what thy fellow-suff'rers know.
- 3 Are not the sorrows of the mind
Entail'd on every mortal birth ?
Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
The flatt'ring hope of bliss on earth ?
- 4 'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod ;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.
- 5 In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky ;
Come resignation to my breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.
- 6 Come, faith and hope, celestial pair !
Calm resignation waits on you ;
Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
Point out a soul-reviving view.
- 7 Parent of good ! 'tis thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind ;
Smile on my soul, and bid me live
Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !

HYMN CCLXXXIX. *L. M.**The grave destroyed.*

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.
 - 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.
 - 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying son
Past through the grave and blest the bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
 - 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.
-

HYMN CCXC. *L. M.**Encouragement to the suffering Christian.*

- 1 Faint not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suff'ring leads to God.
- 2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;

- Thou dost but share the lot of him,
With whom his followers are to reign.
- 3 Christian ! thy friend, thy master prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame ;
Then met his suff'rings undismayed ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
- 4 O, think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays,
Than now, when throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
- 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes,
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear,
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.
-

HYMN CCXCI. *P. M.**The pilgrim's song.*

- 1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and, you know,
Happy entrance shall be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.
-

HYMN CCXCII. *C. M.**The Christian supported.*

- 1 Yes, there 's a better world on high ;
Hope on, thou pious breast ;
Faint not, thou traveller, on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.
- 2 Anguish may rend each vital part ;
Poor man ! thy frame how frail !
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy
heart,
When strength and flesh shall fail.
- 3 Thro' death's dread vale of deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go ;
Yet there, ev'n there, walk undismay'd ;
'Tis thy last scene of woe.
- 4 Jesus, and with the tenderest hand,
Shall guard the trav'ller through ;
'Hail !' shalt thou cry, 'hail, promis'd land !
And, wilderness, adieu !'

- 5 Jesus ! O make our souls thy care !
O take us all to thee ;
Where'er thou art, we ask not where ;
But there 'tis heaven to be.
-

HYMN CCXCIII. *P. M.**The dying christian.*

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
' Sister spirit, come away.'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears.
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

HYMN CCXCIV. *Six Line C. M.**The same subject.*

- 1 When life's tempestuous storms are o'er;
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse from sin,
Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow!
See bending angels downward bow!
To lift his soul on high;
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those horrors which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day,
- 4 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.
- 5 O grant, my Saviour, and my friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
And calm my evening close;

While loos'd from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To him, from whom I rose.

HYMN CCXCV. *L. M.*

The same subject.

- 1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fann'd by some angel's heavenly wing ;
O grave, where is thy vict'ry now ?
Insidious death, where is thy sting ?
- 4 A holy quiet reigns around ;
A calm which nothing can destroy ;
Nought can disturb that peace profound
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.
- 5 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright th' unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

- 6 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light, from its load, the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
' Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.'
-

HYMN CCXCVI. L. M.

Prayer of the dying christian.

- 1 The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home.
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord ! descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend.
- 4 I come, I come at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home.
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

HYMN CCXCVII. *C. M.**'Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.'*

- 1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.
 - 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How calm their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every care.
 - 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.
-

HYMN CCXCVIII. *L. M.**The aged christian longing for heaven.*

- 1 O could I soar to worlds above,
That bless'd abode of peace and love !
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah ! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is changed to day ;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Then let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars strew the ground ;

Let storms and tempests dreadful come
Till I arrive at heaven, my home.

- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he guides, and wait his call.
 - 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then should tempt my stay ;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.
-

HYMN CCXCIX. *Six Line L. M.*

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 Eternal God ! how frail is man !
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave ;
Who can prolong his vital breath ?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or power to save ?
- 2 But let no murm'ring heart complain,
That, therefore man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust ;
For though his servants day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear ;

For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

HYMN CCC. C. M.

The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection.

- 1 All nature dies, and lives again ;
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the bless'd !

- 6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till th' appointed period come
When death shall set me free.
-

HYMN CCCI. C. M.

Prospect of the resurrection.

- 1 Lo ! I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, ' Ye dead, arise !'
And lo ! the graves obey ;
And waking saints with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the mid-way air ;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 5 How will their joy and wonder rise,
When their returning King,
Shall bear them homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

HYMN CCCII. *H. M.**Rising with Christ.*

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead,
Triumphant o'er our foes
He rais'd his conquering head.

In wild dismay, The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.

Joyful they come, And wing their way
From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear.
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !

Their anthems say ; ' Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead ; He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell.

With Christ we rise, With Christ we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.

HYMN CCCIII. C. M.

Death succeeded by judgment.

- 1 The day approaches, O my soul !
The great, decisive day,
Which, from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.
 - 2 Another day more awful dawns ;
And lo ! the judge appears ;
All nations stand before his bar,
With mingled hopes and fears.
 - 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Rouse, then, my soul ! with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
-

HYMN CCCIV. Six Line C. M.

The day of judgment.

- 1 Hear, O ye dead ! awake, arise !
The sounding trumpet shakes the skies ;
The awful Judge is near ;
Angelic guards attend him down ;
And flaming round his fiery throne
A thousand terrors glare.
- 2 Pale guilt looks upward with amaze ;
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom ;

Struck with unutterable dread,
The sinner fain would hide his head,
And shrink within the tomb.

- 3 But ye, his happy saints, rejoice ;
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
His looks, no frowns for you ;
He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.
- 4 ' Bless'd of my Father ! haste,' he cries ;
' In shining triumph mount the skies,
To nobler worlds above ;
There shall ye share my blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight,
In my eternal love.'
-

HYMN CCCV. C. M.

Hope in the divine mercy.

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,

- And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But there 's forgiveness, Lord ! with thee ;
Thy nature is benign ;
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord ! is thine.
- 5 O let that boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul,
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control !
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.
-

HYMN CCCVI. C. M.

' New heavens and new earth.'

- 1 Yon glorious orbs that gild the sky
Proclaim the God who reigns on high ;
He pours the radiant stream they boast,
And marshals all the moving host.
- 2 But glitt'ring stars shall cease to burn ;
The sun forsake his golden urn ;
This earth, these heavens, be swept away,
The splendid pageant of a day.
- 3 Yet will th' Eternal wake to birth
More radiant heavens, a fairer earth,

Whose lustre shall admit no shade,
Whose lasting bloom shall never fade.

- 4 When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms his saints shall soar,
And, welcom'd by their faithful Lord,
Shall then receive their vast reward.



HYMN CCCVII. L. M.

Things below, and things above.

- 1 My soul! forbear on transient things
Thy hopes and fond desires to place;
Their gain no solid comfort brings,
And weary is the doubtful chace.
- 2 Let faith direct my longing eyes
To realms of lasting good above,
Where pleasures ever-blooming rise,
And all is peace, and joy, and love.
- 3 Thence sin, and pain, and death, and night,
Far off for ever shall retire;
And from God's throne, the friendliest light
Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.
- 4 Compar'd with this, how fade away
The brightest scenes of earthly joy!
Mount up, my soul! to native day,
Nor rest thy hopes beneath the sky.

HYMN CCCVIII. C. M.

True pleasures.

- 1 Frail life of man, how short its stay,
And various as the wind !
Heedless we sport our hours away,
Nor think of death behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade !
Frail glory of an hour ;
And blooming youth, with sick'ning head,
Droop like the dying flower.
- 3 Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
Diffuse a flatt'ring light ;
But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
And soon they sink in night.
- 4 Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer insects, dress'd in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.
- 5 Then rise, my soul, and soar away,
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendours of the proud ;
- 6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine ;
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

HYMN CCCIX. *Six Line C. M.**Unfading beauty.*

- 1 All earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.
 - 2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay ;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.
-

HYMN CCCX. *C. M.**Looking at things unseen.*

- 1 Why should the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes ;
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies !
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day ! alas, how vain !
With conscious sighs we own !
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care and pain
O'ersshade the smiling noon.

- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures
spring
Immortal in the skies.
-

HYMN CCCXI. C. M.

The power of faith.

- 1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer.
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.
-

HYMN CCCXII. C. M.

Prospect of heaven.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckluded eyes !
- 6 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
And view the prospect o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore !
-

HYMN CCCXIII. S. M.

Heaven.

- 1 Far from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O ! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.



HYMN CCCXIV. L. M.

Heaven the reward of faithful servants.

- 1 There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour, vast reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine.
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know no change, nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

- 4 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies !
-

HYMN CCCXV. *L. M.*

Consolation for the loss of pious friends.

- 1 Why weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who 've fled and left thee mourning here ?
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ;—beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne, above,
With raptur'd voice, his praise they sing,
Or on his messages of love,
They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound
The high exulting souls whom he,
Who form'd these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Weep, weep no more ; their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God,
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

HYMN CCCXVI. C. M.

The reunion of virtuous friends after death.

- 1 Bless'd hour, when virtuous friends shall
meet,—
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.
 - 2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
 - 3 And while remembrance, ling'ring still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.
 - 4 Congenial minds, array'd in light,
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.
 - 5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.
-

HYMN CCCXVII. C. M.

Aspirations after heaven.

- 1 From this world's joys and senseless mirth,
O come, my soul ! in haste retire ;

- Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heaven aspire.
- 2 'Tis heaven alone can make thee blest,
Can every wish and want supply;
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.
- 3 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast;
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.
- 4 There dwells the sov'reign Lord of all,
The God that all the worlds adore;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.
-

HYMN CCCXVIII. *L. M.*

Final acceptance of all who fear God.

- 1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know;
And, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only Parent now adore.
- 3 On earth, according to their light,
They aim'd to practise what was right;

Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

- 4 See, how along th' immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads !
And brings the myriads none can count,
To seats of joy on Sion's mount !

HYMN CCCXIX. *L. M.*

(DEDICATION HYMN.)

- 1 O bow thine ear, Eternal ONE !
On thee our heart adoring calls ;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have rais'd and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place—to worship given—
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honour dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

HYMN CCCXX. *L. M.*

(ORDINATION HYMN.)

- 1 O Thou! who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise,—that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since, thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years opprest—
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

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